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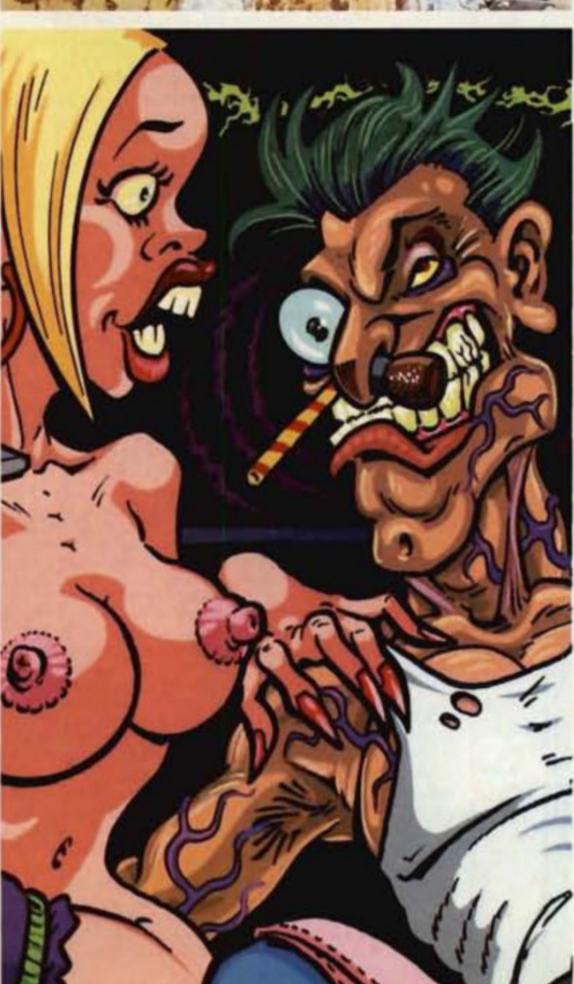


HUSTLER

DECEMBER 1998

VOLUME 25 NUMBER 6





5 Bits & Pieces
Ally McBortion: The End of the Dancing Baby
Edited by David Chrisman

11 Feedback Postal Pop-Offs

12 Poople Magazine A HUSTLER Parody

14 Kally: Four-Star Nymphet
Beaver Hunt Finalist #4

20 Dear Slut
XXX Star Jeanna Fine Tells the Fucking Truth

22 May and Amy: Cunnilingus Concubines Photography by Clive McLean

35 Hot Letters
Carnal Correspondence

37 Erotic Entertainment
AIDS Invades the Adult-Film Industry
Edited by Evan Wright

52 Sex Play
High-Flyin' Humping:
Cruising Cabin and Cockpit for Cooze
by Jamie Alexander

56 Courtney: Orgy for One Photography by James Baes

62 Speed Thrills
One Powderhead's Sex-Soaked Whirl in the
Methamphetamine Maelstrom
Real-Life Account by Perry Moss

66 Sunny: 976-SODOMY Photography by Matti Klatt

78 Sadie: Auto Erotica
Centerfold Photography by Matti Klatt

88 HUSTLER Humor Edited by J. M. Heaney

90 The Year in Filth
HUSTLER Picks the Best and Worst of 1998
Annual Raunch Review by Mack Assarian

94 Dirk and Jenny: Illicit In-laws
Photography by Clive McLean

112 Beaver Hunt
Coveting Thy Neighbor's Slice

154 Robin: Every Dirty Picture Tells a Story Photography by Bob Twigg

http://www.hustler.com















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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Matti Klatt

Reader Contest

Which Media Slut's Daughter Will Whore First?



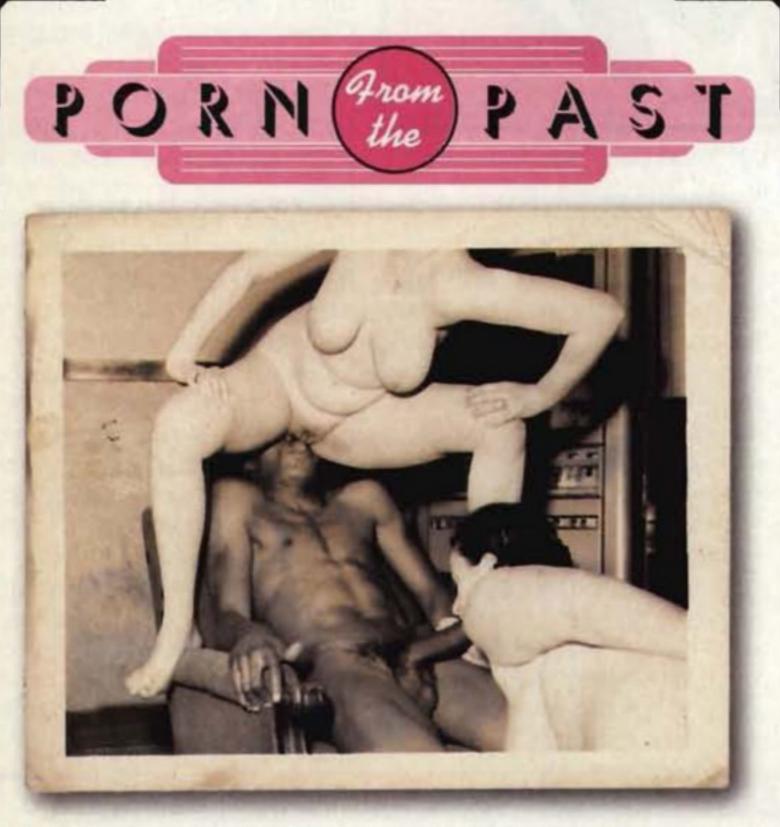
Frances Bean Cobain

Fame has a price. In the case of the offspring of Courtney Love and Madonna, we at HUSTLER expect that price will eventually be about \$30 for a blowjob and \$40 for a straight lay. Prices, however, aren't as important as dates and details. The first HUSTLER reader who provides proof that either of these celebrity daughters has crossed the line to active whoring will win a free HUSTLER subscription and gift pack.



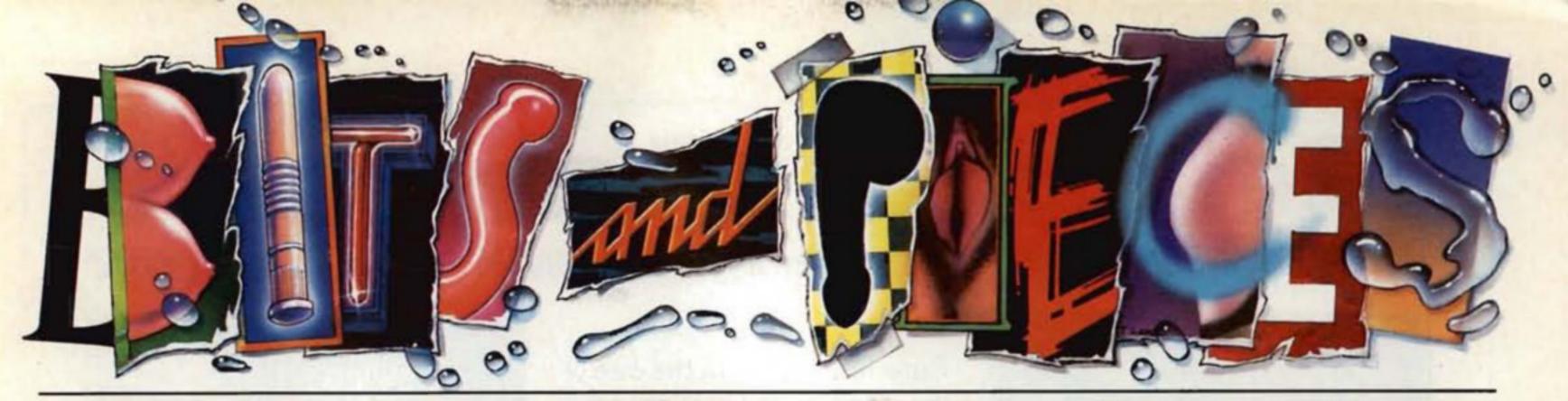


Lourdes Ciccone



In a time when blacks were confined to the back of the bus, this lucky spade seems to have found a good seat, despite the shitty view. Another Kojak moment brought to us by a loyal HUSTLER reader. For keeping hope alive even before it was born, Don K. from Independence, Nevada, will be receiving \$150. Send dirty black and whites of the colored to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.





ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

The only good thing about the typical fat chick is that she will agree to suck a guy's cock in private without insisting that he acknowledge her in public. The fat chick's traditional role in American society is to gobble cum, go away and let a man do his business unmolested. For betraying this sacred understanding between man and fat chick, Monica Samille Lewinsky, a big fat chick, is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for December 1998.

During her 25 fat years on this planet, Monica Lewinsky's weight has peaked at a mountainous 225 pounds. Monica's most troublesome spot of blubber has always been her fat mouth.

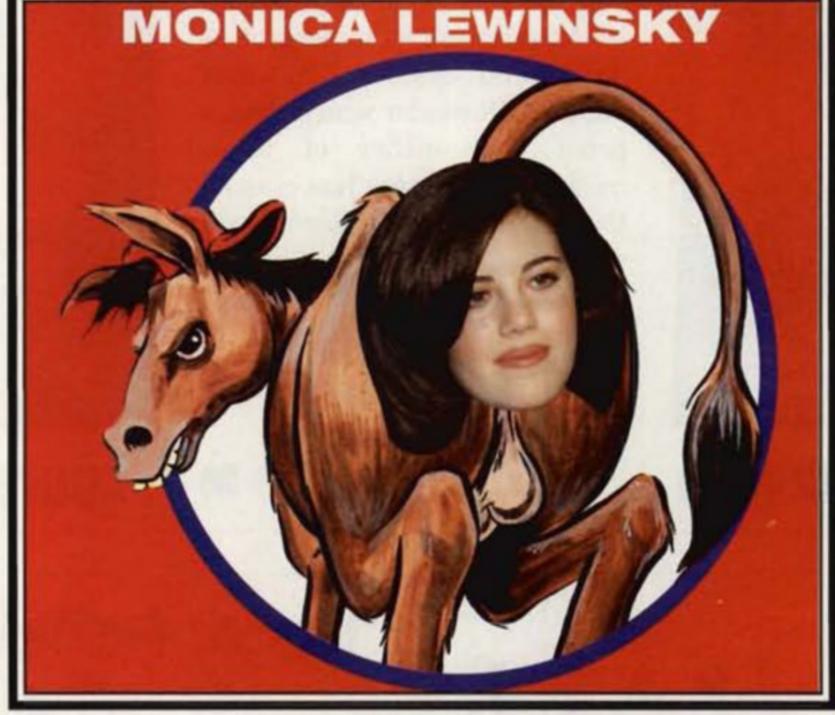
Monica Lewinsky opened her chubby facehole to Linda Tripp and became more famous than Elsie the Cow. If Monica Lewinsky's Beverly Hills parents had taught their piglet daughter to shut her chubby hole, the United States might be critiquing its President on the basis of job performance, and our country's government would be closer to functioning.

Monica Lewinsky's fat-chick history is bloated with failures to stifle her sow mouth. Friends and acquaintances describe Monica as a name dropper who "had a proclivity for indiscretion.... She was definitely a

gossipmonger."

Monica is described as a needy fat-farm dropout, a "hanger-on" and soap-opera addict who "was high on herself and would stare at herself in the mirror." She is seen as "an opportunist" and a "spoiled brat."

Monica Lewinsky is said to have "a pattern of twisting facts, especially



to enhance her version of her own self-image." During her tenure as a token fat intern at the White House. Monica was nicknamed the Stalker.

A former lover relates that Monica headed to Washington, D.C., with the stated purpose of earning her "Presidential kneepads."

After her fat ass landed at the capital, Monica reportedly bragged to co-workers about sexual encounters with an official at the Department of Defense and with a colonel working on the Joint Staff. Both men told friends that Monica's claims to intimacy were not true. Undeterred by these refutations, Lewinsky boasted on secretly recorded tapes that her fat yap had sucked Bill Clinton's dick, a claim

that forced the President to state. "I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky. These allegations are false."

Monica graduated from a special high school for troubled rich kids. She was dubbed "most likely to see her name in lights," and she has succeeded in elevating her profile. Her alleged blowjobs have been denied at a higher level than the scum-sucking of any other fat chick before her.

For the past six months, news media have gorged the American public on images of Lewinsky waddling along with the dignity of a fattened turkey, her plump mouth pursed tight, as if adhered by a special Presidential seal. Lewinsky's only redeeming feature during this

time was her refusal to flap her jowls and sully the President further than her oral diarrhea already had.

But Monica's lips have peeled apart like thick strips of bacon in a frying pan. After chewing the fat in a secret five-hour meeting with representatives of special prosecutor Kenneth Starr, Lewinsky rolled over on Clinton as smoothly as a trained whale does a belly flop.

Monica lumbered away with complete immunity from prosecution for herself and for her mother. Mom and Monica appear to be easily convictable on counts of perjury, urging another person to lie under oath and hiding evidence from the FBI. Monica won her stay-out-of-jail-free card by agreeing to implicate Bill Clinton in a story prurient enough to satisfy prosecutor Starr.

The fat snitch also supplied investigators with recordings of Clinton's supposed phone messages and a dress purportedly stained with Presidential semen. The dress had been hoarded for six months by Monica's mother, a tactic that created a half year of celebrity for two generations of worthless Lewinsky cunts.

Before turning squealer, Monica wailed, "I want my life back." Piggy missed her privacy, which was invaded only because she had violated the privacy of a man by gabbing to his enemies about her infatuation with him.

Lewinsky's parents "are relieved their daughter is out of harm's way," but transactional immunity will not keep star-fucker, blubber mouth Monica from the harm's way of being a big, fat-chick Asshole.

Roscoe Bartlett: The Republican congressman from Maryland is the primary sponsor of 1996 legislation that effectively bans HUSTLER and lesser men's magazines from being sold on U.S. military bases. Bartlett describes his work as "a huge victory for military men and women." Bartlett is advised

FARTS IN THE WIND

to avoid all military installations, lest battalions of servicemen, and no few enlisted women, shove his victory up his Asshole.

Pamela Wiser: Divorced, widowed and HIV-positive, 29-yearold Pamela Wiser claims that she contracted the AIDS virus three

years ago from an ex-boyfriend. Wiser estimated that in the past year she fucked 50 men in rural Tennessee. "I was just getting revenge for what he did to me," explains Wiser from Marshall County Jail. "I feel I've gotten my revenge." A condom might stop AIDS, but it's no protection against an Asshole.

CIRQUE DE SOUL TRAIN DA GREATEST SHOW IN THE GHETTO



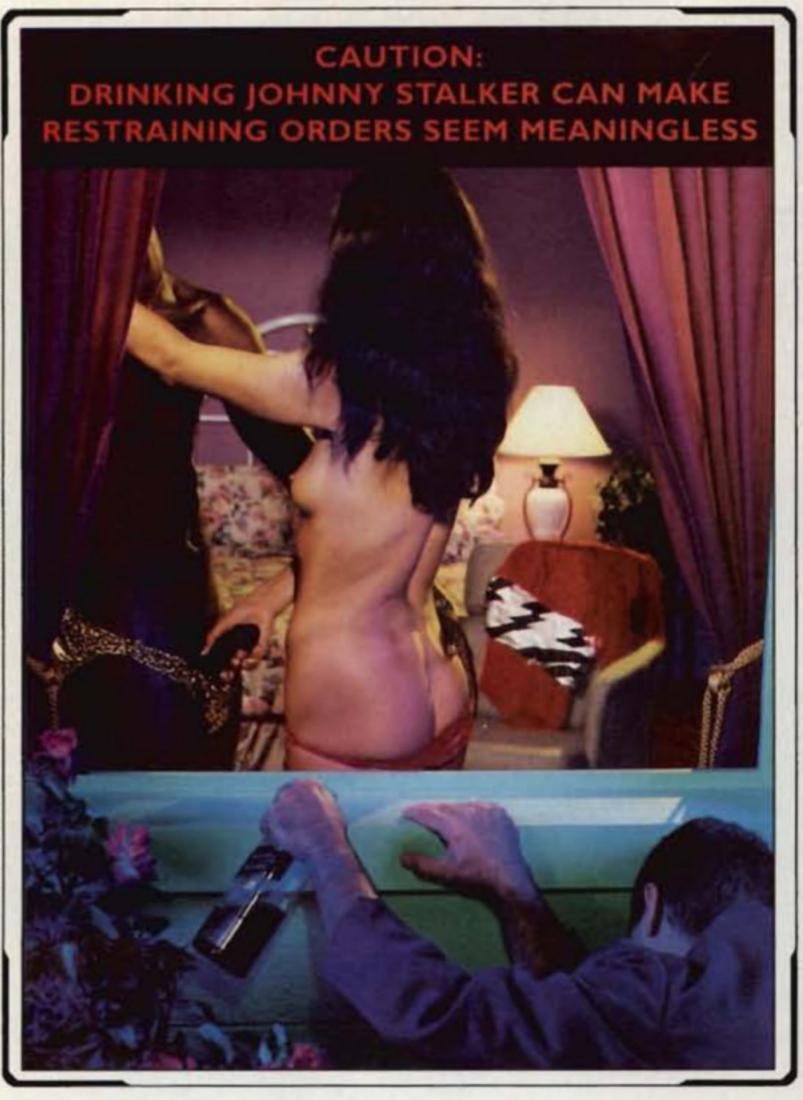
All my homies are either dead or locked down or in the black circus.

But what's a black circus but a bunch of brothers doing whitey's tricks?

Cirque de Soul Train, on the other hand, is keeping it real:

big-booty 'hos, malt liquor, ghetto rats, 'ho tamers, and it's all black!

At Cirque de Soul Train, we don't need to dangle from a rope to draw no crowd.





You Too Can Wipe Your Ass With Jewel's Face for Only \$15

When a pop artist signs a million-dollar contract allowing her goods to appear in print, there is an implied promise of total nudity. Not so for the chunky poetess known as Jewel. Anyone who has peeked at a retarded 11-yearold's diary will find nothing new in Jewel's brutal ass raping of the King's English, titled A Night Without Armor. But don't judge a book by its content when Jewel's hungry mug waits on the cover. Imagine, for example, the pleasure of wiping a shitty ass with Jewel's face while reading from "Sara Said": "i used to screw without condoms and let the man come inside me because i was too shy to stop him...then i would bleed...and spit out the bad seeds." Spoken like a fat girl in dire need of a faceful of fresh poop.



Fox TV the Way It Should Be

Ally McBortion

Ally McBortion's tiff with her incessant biological clock finally reaches a head in the worst possible place—the head. The short-skirted barrister thought she was "just a little late"—now it looks like all the fuss of destroying the evidence will make McBortion even later to her big court appearance. Will her trials ever end? Only if Ally's swanky coed shitter can digest a four-pound fetus.







Fuckin', Suckin', Shuckin' and Jivin'

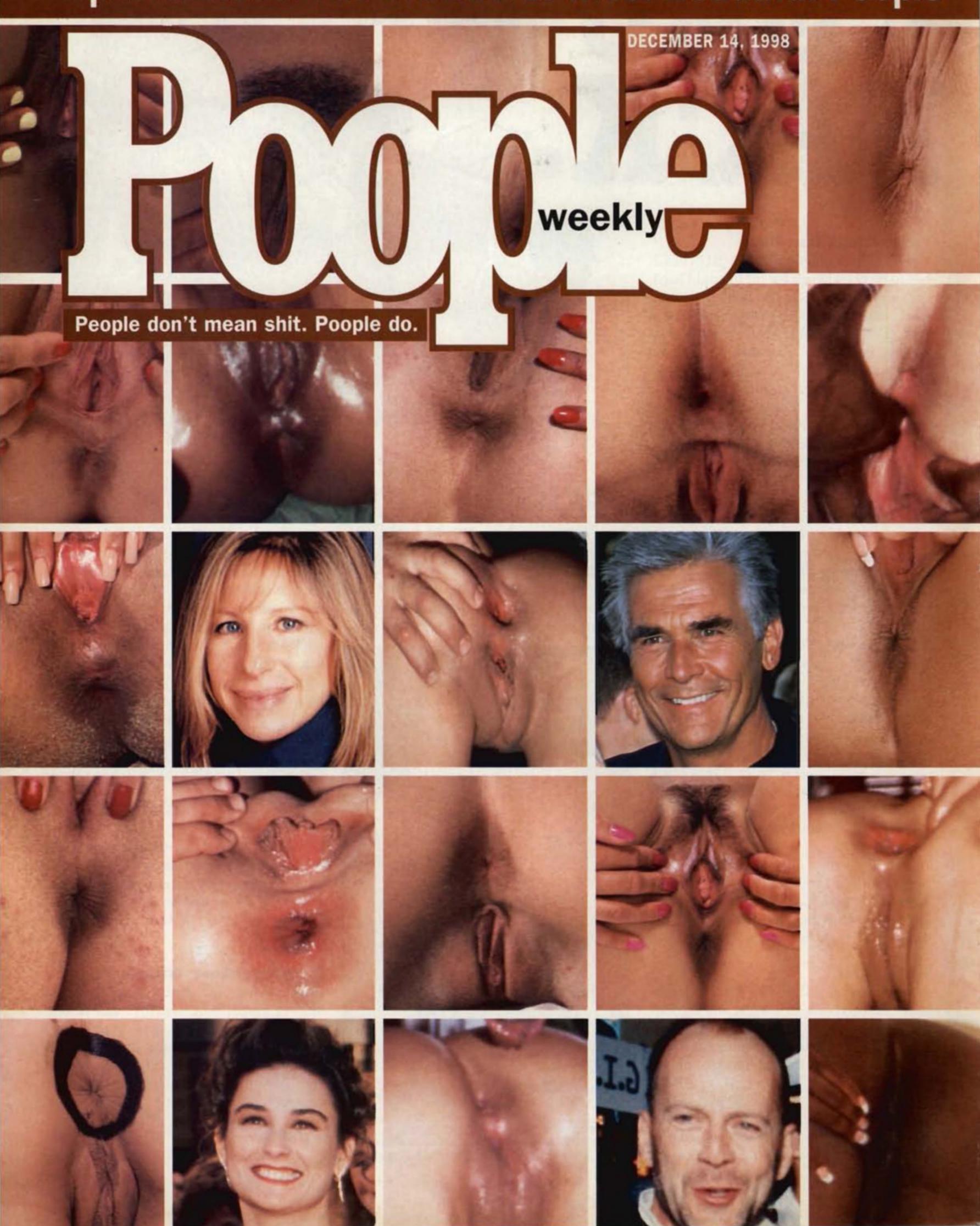
Ten years ago, Magic Johnson was collecting an NBA championship and Eddie Murphy was cashing million-dollar paychecks from films like 48 HRS. and Beverly Hills Cop. Lately, however, both have fallen beneath the shadow of unseemly speculations. How did a straight athlete contract the predominantly gay HIV virus? Why was a straight comedian caught chauffeuring a preop tranny? At HUSTLER, we just wish the two would come together with old party pals and clear the air.







Special Issue: The World's 25 Most Beautiful Poople





CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue.

Land) showing her pussy wet with cum at the end of the session. Plus, I'm glad that HUSTLER is sticking up for our President. At least he has balls. -D. J.

Bastrop, Texas

Glad you enjoyed the hair pie we served up in September's issue, D. J. We too are thankful for our esteemed leader's tireless testicles. As long as they keep leading him into sticky situations, HUSTLER's pages will never want for humor.

TS, I Love You

Enjoyed the Lust Farm (Emily and MaryAlice: Lust Farm, September 1998) shot of the ponytailed Honey shooting her golden nectar. Have you any plans to publish any layouts of Puerto Rican transsexuals dressed up in black leather and high heels, peeing from atop a black stallion? Maybe even some nugget shots would be nice. -G. S.

San Bernardino, California

Your idea is an intriguing one. Unfortunately, the ASPCA strictly frowns upon the depiction of transsexuals urinating while riding horses, especially if the transsexual in question is a Puerto Rican.

She-Mail

A few years ago, HUSTLER ran a threesome pictorial of a guy, a girl and a goodlooking she-male. I read your mag religiously every month and wonder if I will ever see any she-male pictorials again.

-R. S. Dallas, Texas

We're already on it, R. S. Keep reading HUSTLER every month; an upcoming issue will feature pics of a chick with dick.

GI Blues

As a member of the U.S. Armed Forces deployed in Bosnia, I would like to inform your readers that a lot of us serv-



Emily and MaryAlice: Lust Farm

ing our country need your help and support. The powers that be have decided that such excellent publications as HUSTLER are not suitable for us who fight and give all Americans the right to purchase and enjoy any type of magazine they wish. All adult-reading materials are banned from sale in military exchanges. It's perfectly legal for us to purchase them from offbase vendors, but service members in isolated deployment sites, such as myself, don't have that option. I urge all of your readers to contact their lawmakers and ask that a second look be given to this ruling. —J. G.

Bosnia-Herzegovina

HUSTLER agrees that the military is way off base with this decision. Readers, write your congresspersons. The men and women of the armed services are fighting for your country; so help them fight for their cunt.

Cocksucker Blues

Cocksucking and ball licking between men is much more fun than clit licking between women! Of course, you'll never feature cocksucking men in HUSTLER because you are every bit as chickenshit and cowardly as your girlie-magazine competitors! -J. A.

Chicago, Illinois

You're half right, J. A.-HUSTLER will

FEEDBACK

never feature male bone smokers, but fear has nothing to do with it. Besides over-whelming research that indicates our readers prefer women to men, our own personal repulsion prevents us from devoting pages to faggotry. There are plenty of magazines dedicated to dicks and the guys who love them; pull your boyfriend's cock out of your mouth, and go pick one up.

Charles in Charge

Thanks for taking a jab at them high-falutin' techno snobs. The advertisement parody featuring Charles Manson (Bits & Pieces, "Think Different," September 1998) was sheer genius! My compliments to Mr. Flynt and the HUSTLER organization on the distinctive style of your publication—enchanting women, beautiful photography and insightful articles.

—W. B. Hickory, North Carolina

Compliments accepted, W. B., but we hope you didn't get the impression that HUSTLER is against the computer industry. As anyone who checks out HUSTLER Online (http://www.hustler.com) knows, we fully embrace the technological advances made possible by our friends in Silicon Valley. HUSTLER was merely saluting one of the influential individuals in the history of American advertising.

Block That Load!

I usually buy HUSTLER from the rack. I misplaced an issue in which Sex Play featured an article about controlling ejaculation. I'm sorry that I don't know the issue that particular article was in, but I would greatly appreciate it if I could get a copy of the article. Any information would be very kind.

—J. L.

Romeo, Michigan

The article, "A Spiritual Guide to Holding Loads: Ejaculation Control by Ishtara," appeared in the August 1997 issue of HUSTLER. You can obtain a back issue by calling 1-815-734-1142. While you've got them on the line, J. L., order a subscription too—you'll save yourself a trip to the newsstand and some money to boot.

Shane Reaction

Why is HUSTLER the best stroke magazine on the planet? Beaver Hunt, the cartoons and the opportunity to go backstage with the Shane's World crew (Probing Shane's World, September 1998)! —D. S. Goleta, California

Happy to rock your world, D. S. Aren't you forgetting the enchanting women, beautiful photography and insightful articles?

For Cunny, Not Money

Since the beginning of time, only two things have motivated men: money and women. After seeing HUSTLER's September 1998 layout of Monique (Monique: Love Thyself), I must thank America's Magazine for redirecting my misguided focus on money! Knowing that a woman as beautiful and stunning as Monique is out there somewhere makes me want to close my business and search the world over for her equal. —R. M. Monkton, Maryland

Congratulations on setting your priorities in order, R. M. One must always remember that the quest for gash is far more noble than the quest for cash. However, we suggest holding on to at least \$6.99 a month, so you can always raise yourself with the new issue of HUSTLER.

Death Be Not Funny

I really enjoy HUSTLER and BUSTY BEAUTIES, but I must make a comment. "A Race to the Death" (Bits & Pieces, September 1998) was in bad taste. It

wasn't amusing or funny in any manner. Why would anyone vote on something like this? I like the "Asshole of the Month" and "Farts in the Wind" page, but I don't like anyone making fun of anybody else's death.

—M. B.

Piedmont, North Carolina

Bad taste? HUSTLER? If anyone was guilty of bad taste, it was Ol' Blue Eyes himself, who kicked off before readers had a chance to guess his expiration date (see <u>Bits & Pieces</u>, October 1998).

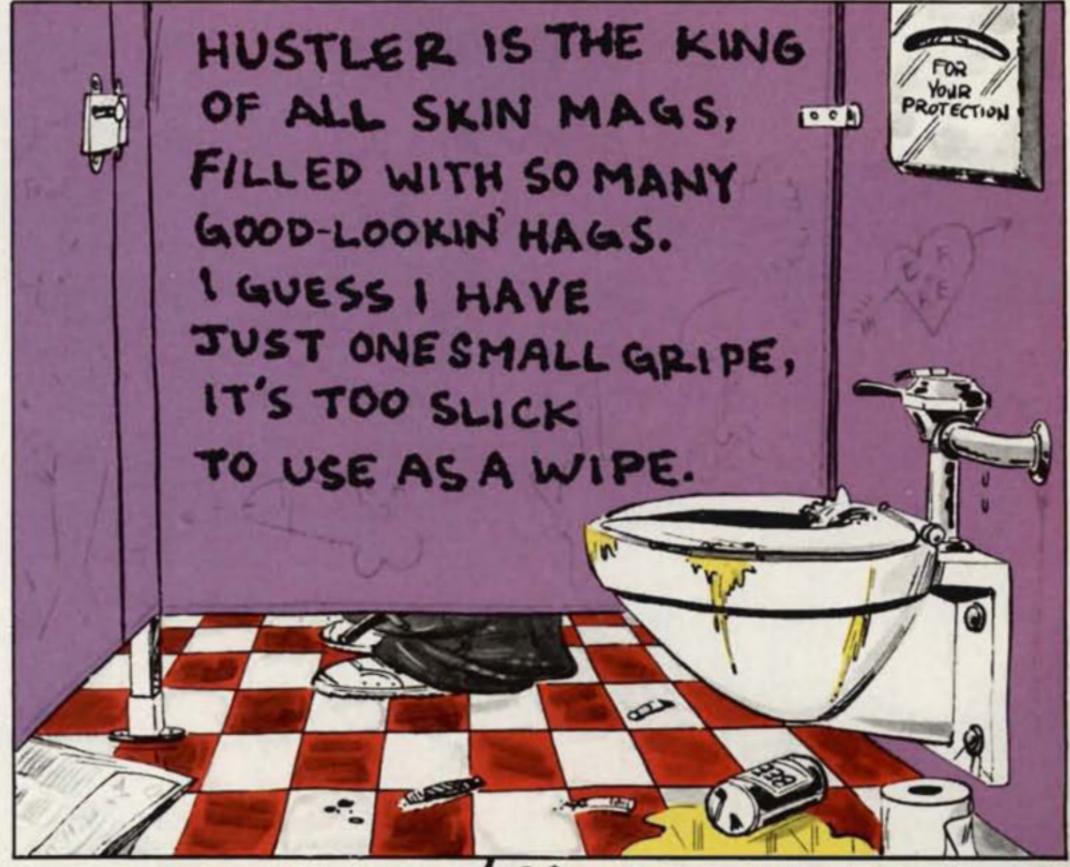
Stocking Stalker

Thank you for the spread on Angel (Angel: A Womb of One's Own) in the May 1998 issue. I look forward to pictorials with women wearing those thick, loose-fitting stockings. Where do you find stockings like that? I've been looking for years and only find the standard stuff.

—T. D. Ocala, Florida

Uh, you <u>are</u> buying them for your girlfriend, aren't you, T. D.? If you're having trouble finding them, try a more assertive approach. See if the stores can special order the stockings if they don't have them in stock. Take up sewing, and learn to (continued on page 33)





THANKS AND \$50 GO TO RICH E.









ncounters



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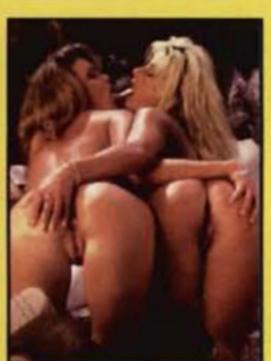
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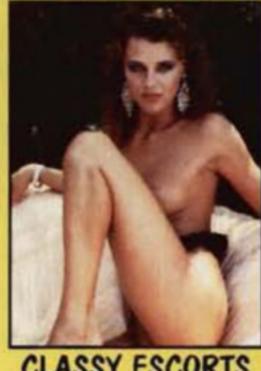
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Check your diet—have you been eating anything different lately? The sudden change in your cum consistency might also be due to recent strenuous exercise or activity. As long as you're shooting healthy loads, and you're not feeling ill, I don't see any danger from lumpy gravy.

KILLER BLOWJOB

I've heard that it's potentially fatal to blow directly into a woman's vagina. Do you know if this is urban myth or medical fact? The curiosity is killing me—I almost want to try it out on my girlfriend to find out for sure.

—D. L.

Utica, New York

So, you want to try something that could be potentially dangerous and harmful on your girlfriend just for the hell of it? Ooh, what a sensitive guy! The condition you're referring to is venous air embolism, and fetal deaths have occurred as a result of it. So hold your breath when you're eating your girlfriend's pussy, especially if she's pregnant. I'd also take steps to avoid another dangerous situation—your cavalier attitude toward your lover's health.

PENIS PRO-V?

As a young woman, I spend a small fortune on hair- and skin-care products. My boyfriend told me that sperm is rich in protein, and I can achieve the same skinsoftening results for free with the lotion from his nuts. My question is, should I swallow the jizz or rub it into my hair and skin for maximum benefits? —R. C. Madison, Wisconsin

Your boyfriend is feeding you more than a load of spunk! Depending on your stud's diet, his sperm could be extremely acidic and might do nothing more than burn and aggravate your skin. So go ahead and swallow his load of jizz, but don't swallow his load of crap. As for spending a fortune on hair-care and facial products, try the drugstore. The selection is just as good—and cheaper—than the high-priced department stores.

SMOOTH SHAVING

My husband is letting me shave his pubic hair, scrotum and all. The problem is, his nut sac is pretty wrinkly, and I don't want to cut him. Any tips to avoid razor nicks?

—A. D. Lubbock, Texas

You'll probably want to shave his pouch in a cool shower. The cold water will shrink the nut sac and make it a little bit tighter. Make sure you use a very

clean razor blade and pull the skin of the ball sac tight to smooth things out a little. Most importantly, go slowly and gently! Scrotum shaving isn't a race, and speed will not produce the optimum performance level in this situation. And in case you do slip, have a styptic pencil nearby!

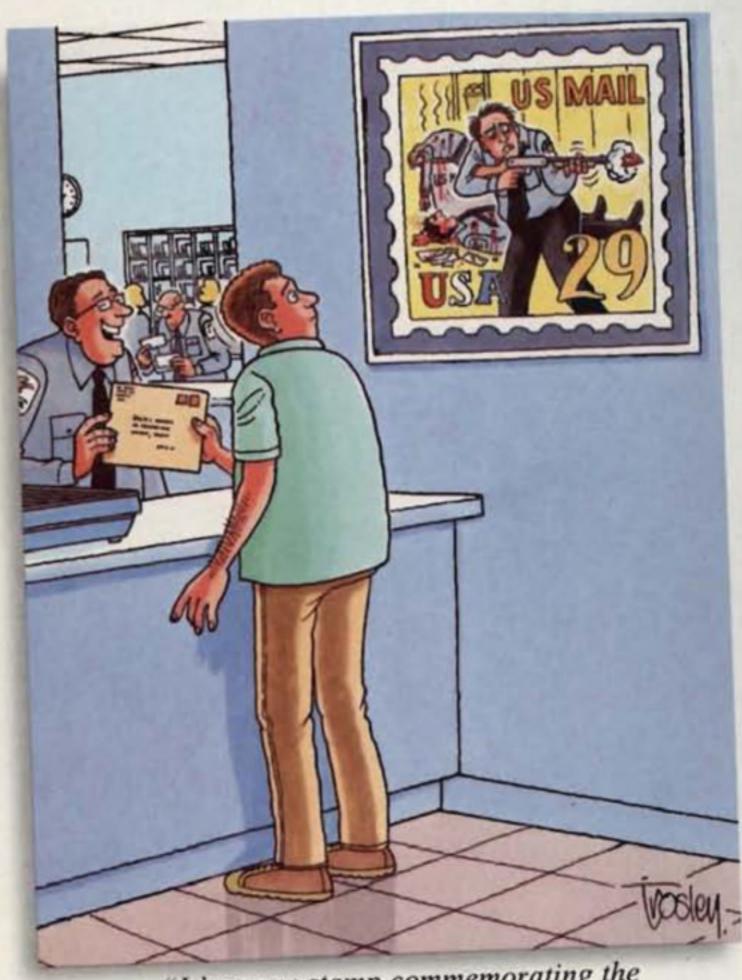
SOB STORY

The other night, right after we had sex, my wife started crying! When I asked her about it, she told me that women do that sometimes. Should I buy her story, or do you think there's something more to it?

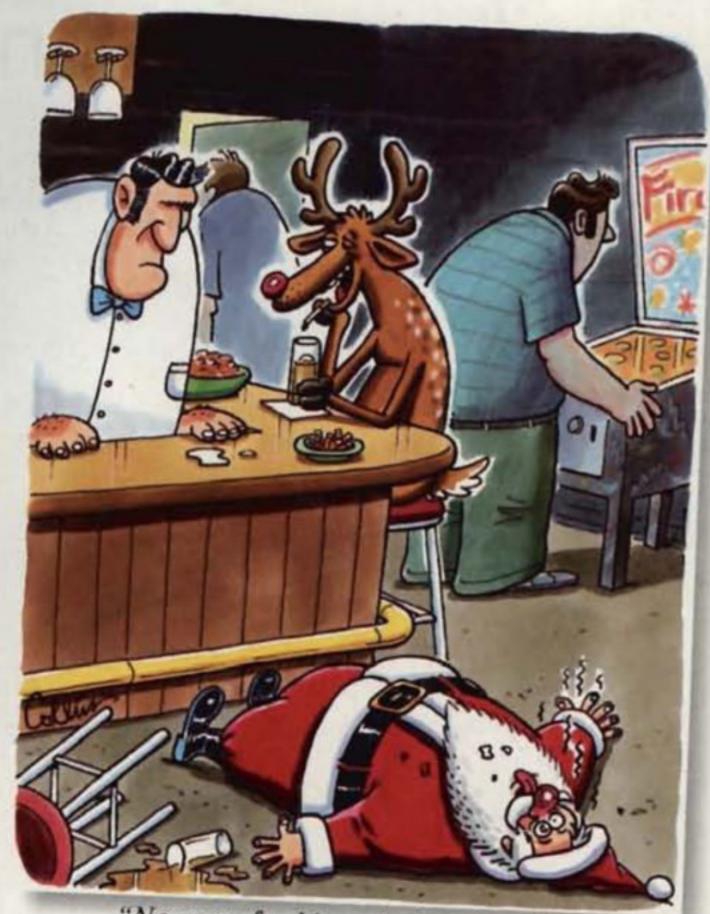
-L. T. Brooklyn, New York

It depends on what kind of overall communication you have with your wife. If she generally tells you the truth about things, then I would believe her now. If you're having problems in your relationship, you obviously need to communicate more. I can tell you that after particularly explosive orgasms, I myself am driven to the point of tears, because an intense climax is such an emotional (continued on page 31)

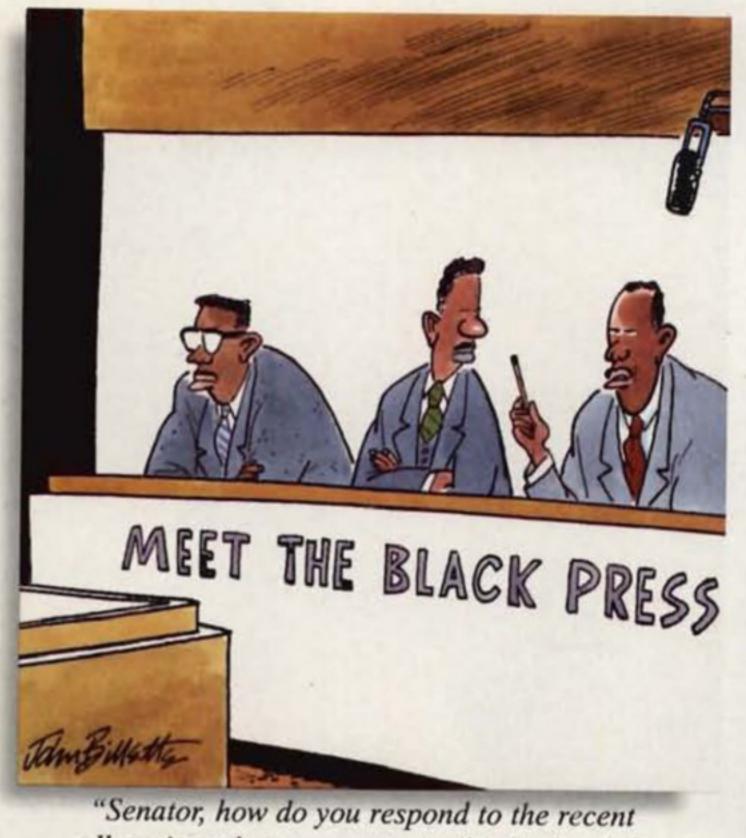
HISTLE BANK



"It's a new stamp commemorating the U.S. Postal Service."



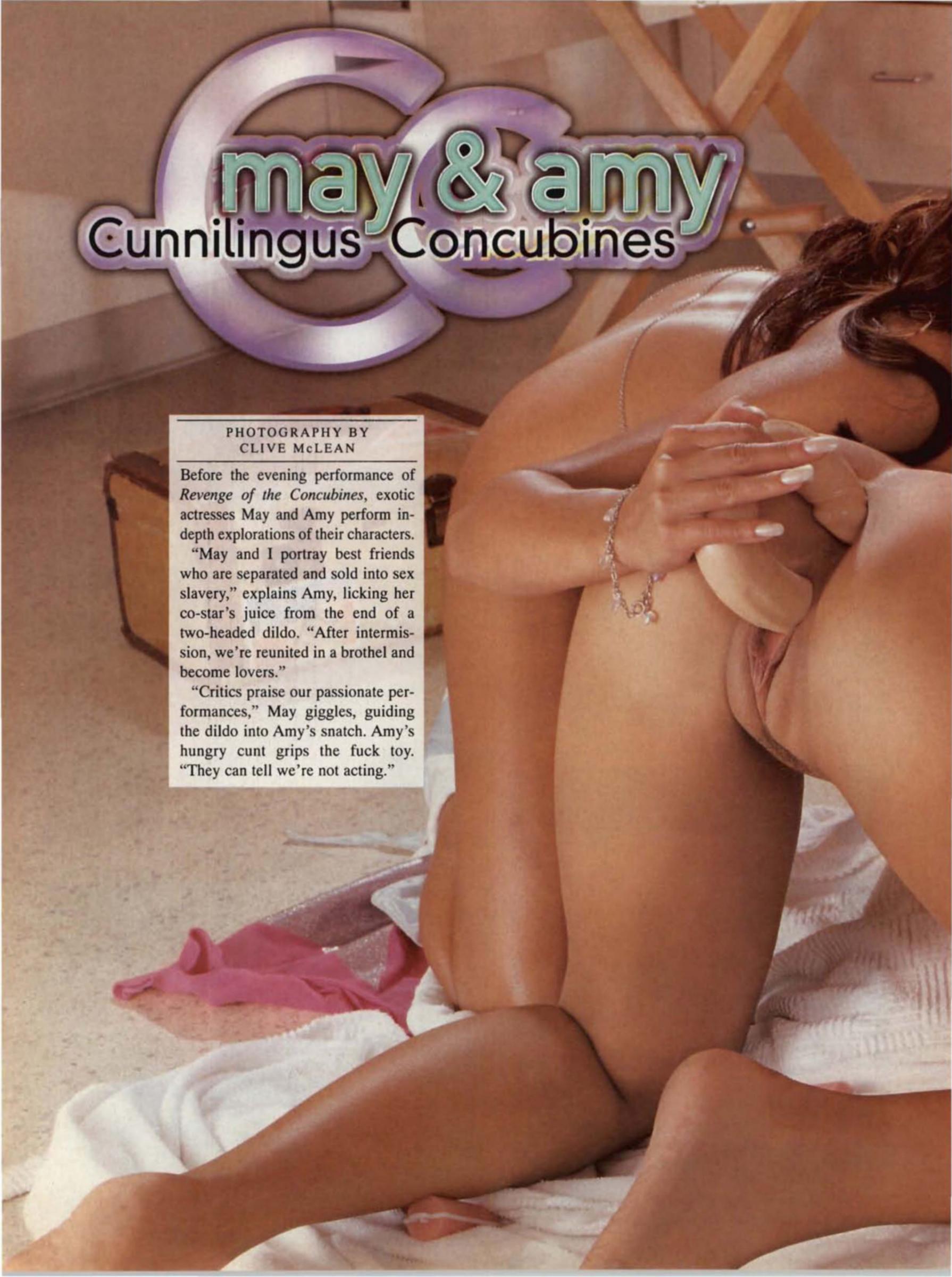
"No more for him-he has to drive."



"Senator, how do you respond to the recent allegations that you are just a lyin', cheatin', sorry-ass, honkie motherfucker?"



"Hey, Ma! Grampa's hitting on the cat again!"











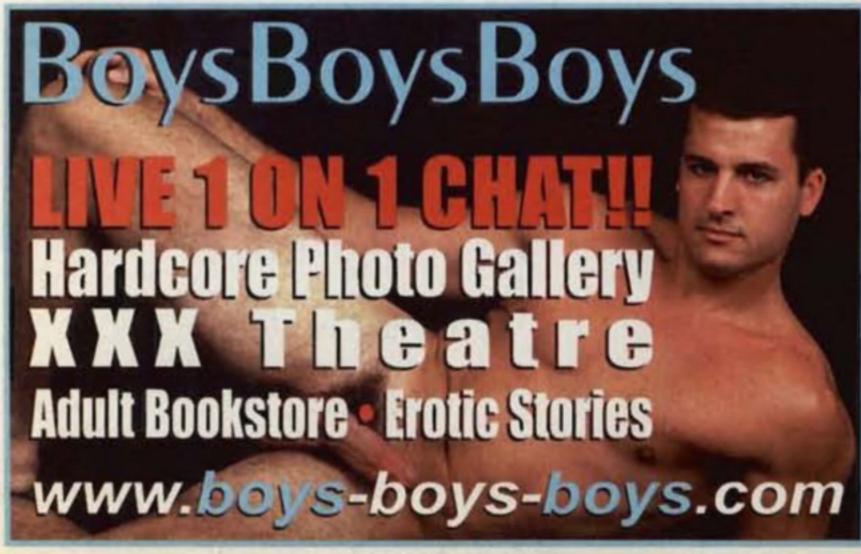


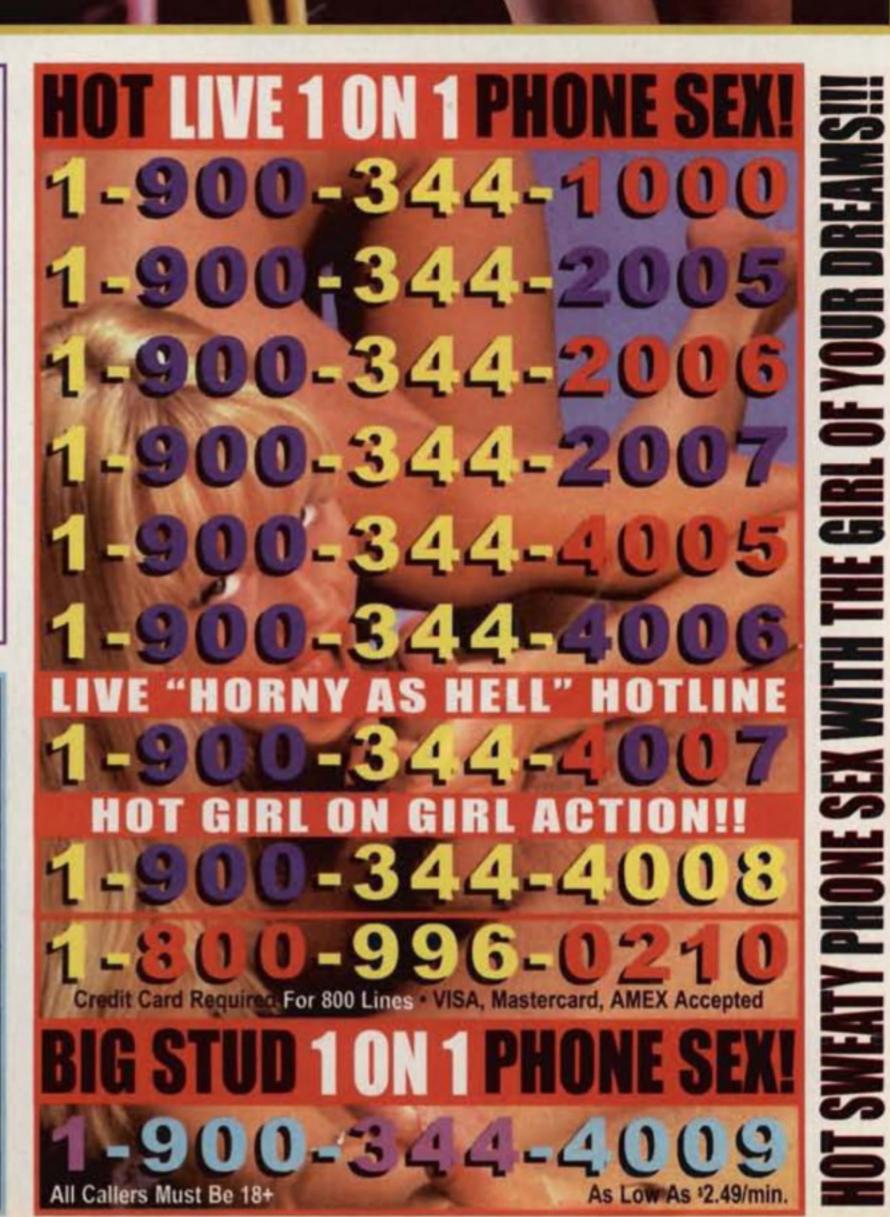












Dear Slut If you're planning on marrying, it's time you learned that communication in bed is the most important aspect to your relationship. Ask him to stroke his dick, and follow his lead.

release. When passion runs high, fluid runs from all ends, top to bottom.

DIFFERENT STROKES

My fiance stunned me by saying he doesn't like the way I stroke his cock. I thought any touching down there would please him. Are some techniques better -R. T. than others?

Stockbridge, Massachusetts

Well, sweetie, you know how your pussy feels. Does just anything feel good to you, or are there certain strokes and pressure points that really take you there? If you're planning on marrying, it's time you learned that communication in bed is the most important aspect to your relationship. Ask him to stroke his dick, and follow his lead. He knows what feels best to him, because I'm sure that your man's had plenty of experience with his own cock.

PUSSY PAINS

I'm a 25-year-old woman, and after a year of celibacy, I've recently become sexually active again. The problem is that I now find sexual intercourse painful and have yet to have an orgasm (although I used to climax easily). What's wrong with me? -E. S.

Eugene, Oregon

It's possible that what you're experiencing is psychological or emotional. You didn't say why you were celibate or what made you break that vow. Maybe you met someone you thought was good enough to fuck, and now you're having doubts. Normally, prolonged abstinence leads to a more heightened experience; so you might be spending too much time in your head while he's giving you head. Do some more thinking, and decide if the person you're fucking is really worth your breaking your vow of celibacy.

LET IT BLEED

My boyfriend and I have discussed bloodletting, and I admit that the thought of it makes me extremely wet. He's agreed to man the blade, but doesn't want to cause unintentional damage to me. Are there any dangers we should be aware of? -J. C.

Seattle, Washington

Dangers? The list is endless. First, you're opening the door wide open for the risk of HIV and hepatitis-C infection. Unless you both get tested every three months with a total DNA screen,

you don't know if your partner's blood-or yours, for that matter-is clean. Let alone taking a razor blade or knife to your skin and the scarring involved! There's room for all sorts of cooties here. I suppose I could tell you to surf the Net and ask people who are into the same thing (I'm sure there are plenty of sites out there dedicated to the subject), but I myself wouldn't recommend blood play. Buy some strawberry syrup from the local market and pretend instead.

TART BURN

My girlfriend and I really get off on oral sex. However, every time I eat her out, I suffer a bad case of heartburn and indigestion. She's very concerned about proper hygiene, and we've tried many solutions to no avail. Help! -G. A. via Internet

You may be too quick to lay the problem at your wife's pussy. Examine the position you're lying in when you're giving her head. Your discomfort could be an acid-reflux syndrome. Try a different position, or take a Zantac before sex. Also, are you having sex right after eating? If so, maybe it was the pepperoni pizza rather than your wife's tuna platter.

CLIT CONCERNS

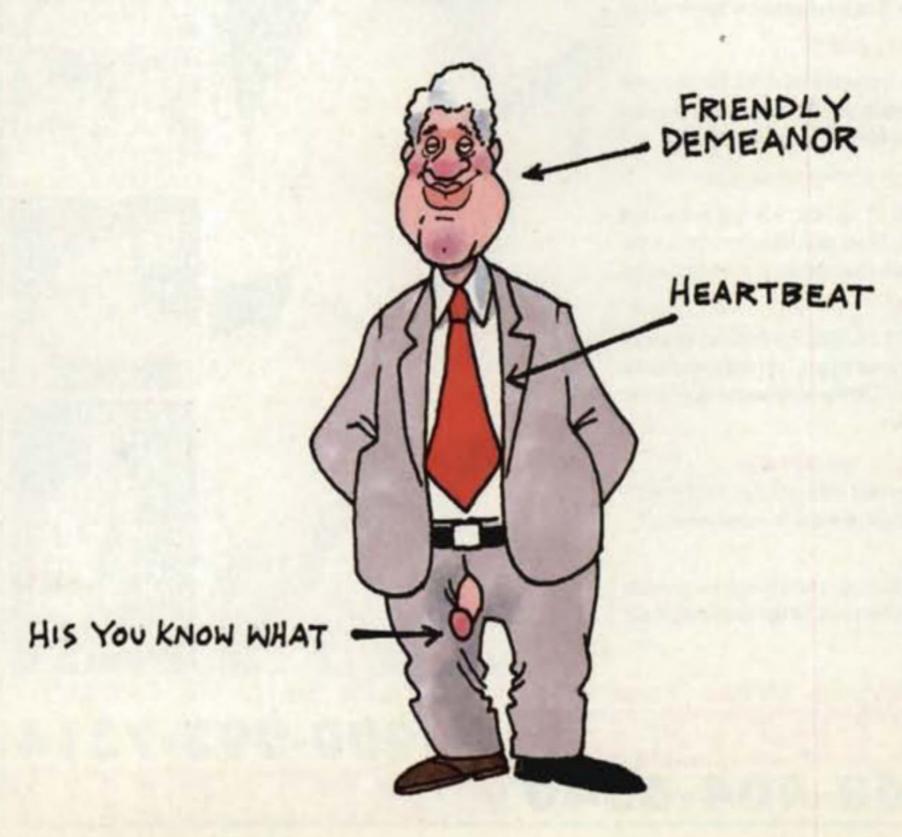
My wife won't let me eat her out. She says it's because she's embarrassed about the size of her clit, which is big, but not freakish. How can I ease her concerns so I can get down to getting down? -C. T. Boston, Massachusetts

I would suggest purchasing HUSTLER monthly, if you don't already. Examine the centerfolds with her. As she'll see, there is no such thing as a normal shape and size-just like penises, clits come in all dimensions, and they're all beautiful. Hooray for her, though, because I can only imagine that the bigger the clit, the more pleasurable the sensation. Bon appétit!



Do you have a question for Jeanna? Write to Dear Slut, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail at slut@lfp.com.

THE NEUROTIC BROAD'S GUIDE
TO SPOTTING A SEXUAL HARASSER KNOW YOUR ENEMY

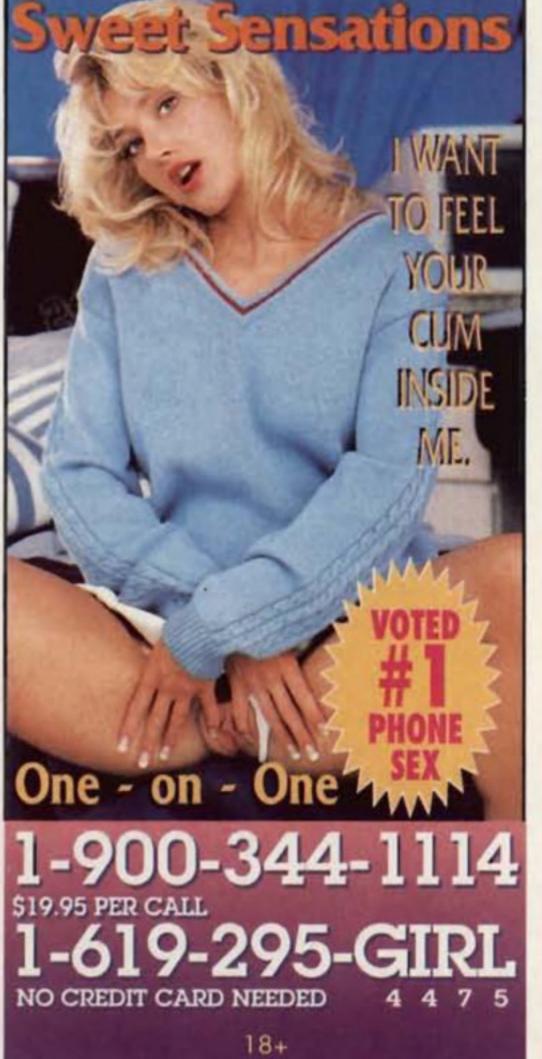




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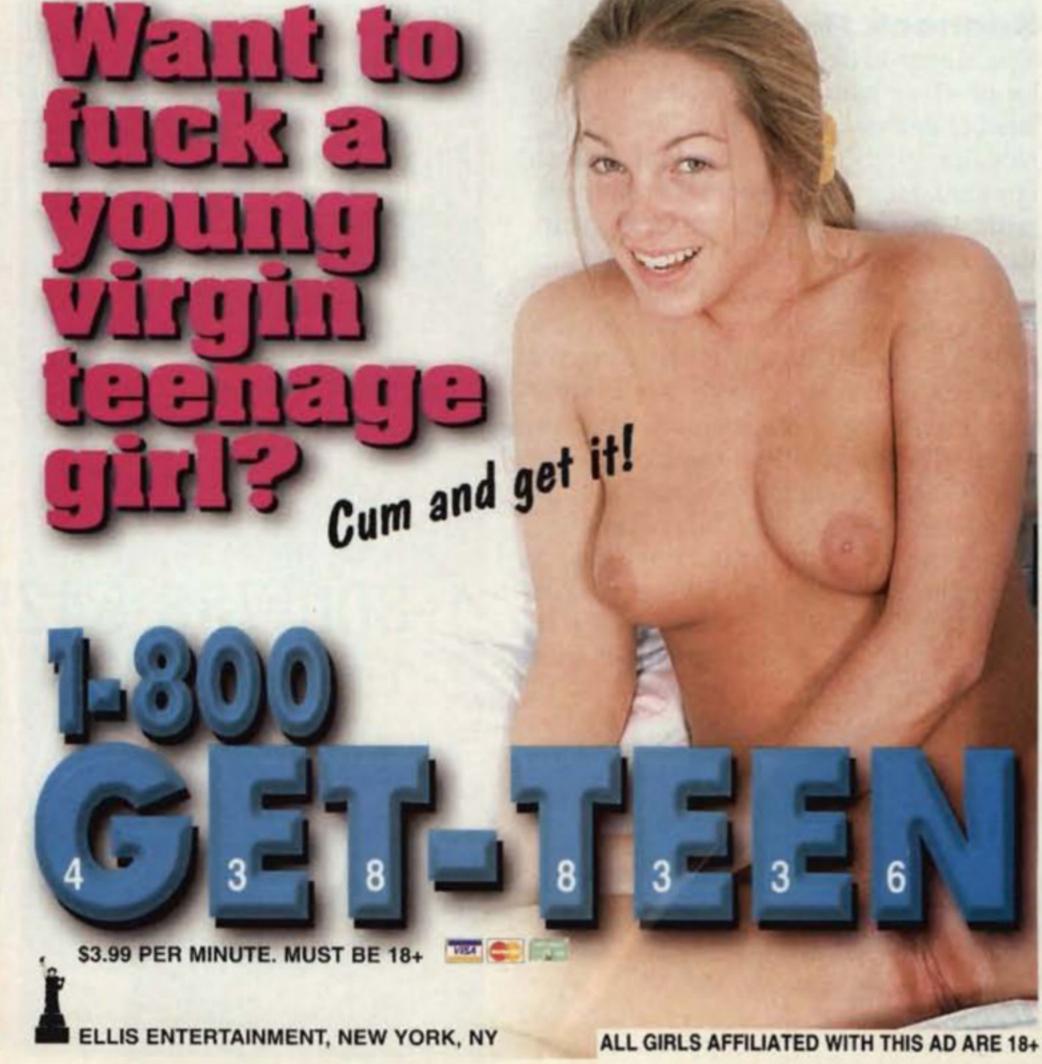
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 13)

make your own stockings. If neither of these suggestions work for you, you might just have to get used to wearing pants. Pants really aren't so bad—especially on a man.

Props and Cons

I'm just a bored convict, but after reading August 1998's "Asshole of the Month," I must also become a critic of your world-renowned magazine. Granted, Kenneth Starr is an enormous asshole and well deserves the title, but there was an insinuating comment about the "convict" supposedly hired to bad-mouth Clinton. Like the dude isn't credible because he's a convict, not because he was hired by a piece of shit like Starr. On the other hand, props to the Feedback dude. I don't know who answers the letters, but the guy is a riot!

—J. S.

Deer Lodge, Montana

The purpose of the passage you cited was to shed light on Starr's numerous conflicts of interest, J. S. Sorry if you interpreted it as an attempt to sully the reputation of America's prison population. Thanks for the kudos though—if anyone knows a riot when he sees one, it's a convict.

Redneck Rebuttal

You nigger-lovin' motherfuckers have a lot of nerve editing and rearranging my letter (Feedback, "Rainbow Copulation," October 1998) to make me look like an ignorant, redneck Southerner. You hypocritical bastards preach anticensorship, then censor my letter. You fuckers reprint my letter the way I wrote it, not the way you want to interpret it. I'm sick of BET, MTV, NAACP, Affirmative Action and the rest of that reverse-racist nigger shit. If you don't agree, then you at HUSTLER are the same, or even worse, than a dumb, Ebonics-talkin', inaudible, stupid, fuckin' nap-haired nigger. Show some balls, and run my letter the right way, you nigger-lovin' -N. H. faggots.

Jacksonville, Florida

Feedback reserves the right to edit letters for clarity and length. Such edits do not constitute censorship, N. H, only an attempt to make your ranting comprehensible. The, shall we say, integrity of your original letter was maintained in its published form. Why are you so worried anyway? How could anyone consider you an ignorant, redneck Southerner?

White Girl's Burnin'

Wowie zowie! Your photo layout of Kerri and Jeffrey (Kerri and Jeffrey: White Girl's Burden, August 1998) was hot! In my dream world, my black stud fills my massive white pussy with his golden nectar. Before I go to sucking, he goes to licking, and we both go to hardass fucking. Jeffrey is right: "Nothing tastes sweeter than forbidden fruit." Also, thanks for the cum-shot, but I guarantee you that if Jeffrey ever came my way (pun intended), my whole greedy mug and my Titanic tits would be entirely covered with his ivory spew.

—Erica Phoenix, Arizona We're glad that you and your Titanic tits are with us in our attempt to promote racial harmony through vigorous intercourse. Good luck with finding your own Jeffrey to help you fulfill your dreams of a frosty-faced mug. A word of advice: Stay the hell out of Jacksonville, Florida.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or E-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.







December HUSTLER



BROWN NOSE

The other night, a woman I met at the supermarket was sitting on my face. She was a trim, small-framed piece of sweetness; her blond pussy smelled fresh and tasted even better. My tongue truly enjoyed worming into her flush, creamy crevice.

"That's good," she murmured, gently rocking back and forth. I took the liberty of fingering her love button; access to the magical spot was simplified by the way she sat facing my feet. Preliminary touches sent tremors through my partner, but soon she calmed down and resumed her slow, deliberate rhythm. The chick was gleefully fucking my face, occasionally emitting a delighted, barely audible sigh.

I stepped up the fervent chomping and slurping, increasing the pace at intervals that were perfectly timed for maximum impact. Cunny walls constricted, as if reluctant to give up my tongue. Each time I felt the fair beauty tighten, I pushed my oral expedition deeper. She bounced slightly and began to grind.

"Oh," she exclaimed, suddenly sounding as if an unexpected sensation had shot through her loins. "That's interesting...ohhh!" My line of sight was too obscured by beaver to figure out what all the excitement was about. I could only assume I was doing something right. Unfettered in my quest to bust the nut of my latest fling, I continued to suckle her drooling pie.

A peculiar shift of her position alerted me that the lady was subtly adjusting her crotch. After some maneuvering, I feltor should I say, smelled-what all the fuss was about. The tip of my nose had penetrated her bunghole! My long, pointy proboscis served as an anal tickler for the nude face wrangler. Releasing more enthralled cries, she backed up far enough to definitively lance her sphincters. Meanwhile, I never missed a lick of snatch.

In a clipped, whiny voice, I begged, "Careful! I don't want you to break my nose." My date snorted; I would have snorted back, but my nostrils were closed shut.

"Shut up," she aggressively demanded. "Your schnozz is driving me crazy. I feel like I could have an orgasm any second now." Politely, I ceased the complaints and put my lips to better use. The invigorated mouthiness caused my sopping friend to gyrate in wet circles. Although I was still concerned about snapping the cartilage in my buttburied honker, I focused more on eating and less on bleating.

RETTERS

As her honeypot spread wider, accepting more of my taste buds, her rectum dilated accordingly. Muscles deep inside the cute, impressively inoffensive shitter fluttered like a butterfly's wings across my bridge. The pink, perky taint between ass and pussy kissed my upper lip again and again. A series of rougher hops on my face let me know the promised climax had arrived.

"Fuck my asshole," burbled the newfound nasal sex freak. "Fuck me with your nose! I'm coming like a motherfucker!" She slowly lurched forward, twiddling her flappy labes, and I followed my nose. Even when she ended up lying on her stomach, I bobbed my head

(continued on page 45)



Sex Toys



Today, you know that fully exploring your sensuality is as healthy as it is fun. Look over the new Xandria Gold Collection catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving and receiving even greater pleasure.

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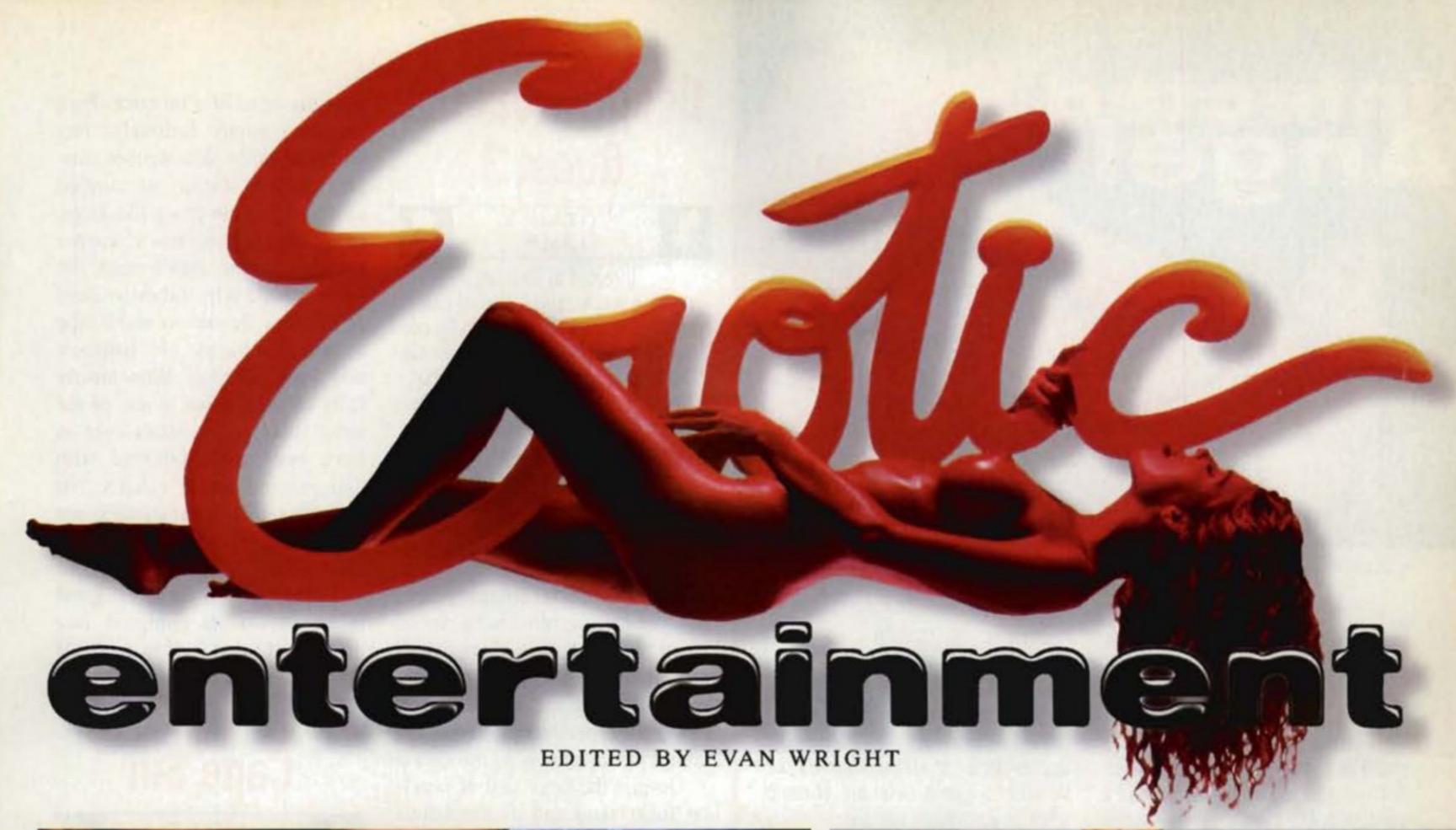
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JAPANESE SEX TOURS: Cutie-pie perverts Masako and Reinko.

Japanese Sex Tours



FULLY ERECT



Directed by uncredited;
starring Rina Tanigawa, Shizuka Uchida,
Masako Kato, Reinko Sawaguchi,
Miho Nakayama, Aya Yamamota,
Kengo Aikawa, Kaza Itsuki, Hajime Mao,
Mickey Yanai, Rocky Ishibashi
and Chocoball Mukai.
Videocassette: Samurai Video.

Rare, authentic hard-core sleaze from the Orient. In Japanese Sex Tours, two cutie-pie Japanese cunts, just above school age, travel to historic temples in Japan and visit with girlfriends and perverted older men. They pray to the Shinto gods, giggle,

make sassy faces at the camera, then sob like babies as their miniature, black-silktufted muffs are stuffed with dong in a variety of traditional, tea-ceremony settings. Nipponese nookies look to be the size of buttonholes; their owners seem programmed to please. Slanted eyes squint as doll faces are impaled on putzes; halfpint soy-milk creamers shake, as glistening, plum-colored quiff flaps split on wang. The little cherry blossoms squeal and bite the futons as if in intense pain, but they continue servicing their men without resistance or complaint. They understand their place. Japanese Sex Tours is almost good enough to forgive Pearl Harbor.

-Mack Assarian



JAPANESE SEX TOURS: Master teaches Aya unusual karate.



JAPANESE SEX TOURS: Miho tastes adulthood.



Ashley and Marc Wallice: Or should he be called Dick Poison?

Brooke Ashley Seeks Criminal and Civil Penalties for HIV From Porn Industry

"This is so sad," Brooke Ashley recently stated as she watched the video of herself being fucked in the ass without a condom by Marc Wallice in the World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang.

Ashley contends that she was infected with HIV, the precursor to AIDS, during her scene with Wallice in the World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang.

"I was told that Marc Wallice tested out negative for HIV before I worked with him," Ashley said. "But he faked his tests. He knew he was HIV positive, and he gave me a death sentence."

Similar unsubstantiated accusations have been made since Brooke Ashley, Marc Wallice and three other performers tested positive for HIV during the first half of 1998. Three of the HIV-infected female performers, including Ashley, have been linked to Marc Wallice.

Ashley says she can back up her allegations against Wallice with copies of his faked AIDS tests. She did not provide these alleged documents to HUSTLER for verification, but her case has been taken on by high-profile, Santa Monica, California, attorney Louis Sepe, best known for his criminal-defense work for Mafia hit man Henry Hill.

"We are pursuing criminal charges," Sepe confirmed in an interview with HUSTLER. "We are also pursuing a civil case. Currently, adult performers are not treated well by an industry that derives most of its income from their labor. Our goal is to bring in workplace standards and make sure that video producers carry worker's comp, as would any other employer."

Marc Wallice denies any wrongdoing. He states that during the period when it is alleged he was faking AIDS tests, he used the services of approved AIDS-testing clinics.

Wallice was not, however, visiting clinics frequented by other adult per-

formers. It is alleged that Wallice used another person to submit blood for him in order to gain a clean bill of health when he was already infected.

A source from Protecting Adult Welfare, the industry-backed organization that monitors AIDS testing among performers, commented anonymously about the charges of Wallice playing dirty with his blood tests for HIV. "We have repeatedly suggested to Marc Wallice that he go back to the clinics or doctors where he says he took the tests and obtain certification that he was in fact the person who actually gave the blood. That would clear his name, but Marc has not done this."

Marc Wallice has been living at his mother's house since news of his HIV infection became public.

"I'm as much a victim as anybody else," Wallice said in an exclusive interview with HUSTLER. "I used to be a big, famous star, and now I'm a nobody."

Brooke Ashley may never prove her charges against Marc Wallice, but one injustice she has suffered is not in dispute. She was never fully paid for her performance in the World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang, a top-selling product since its release by Midnight Video this past spring.

Kevin Beechum, the owner of Midnight Video, confirmed that Ashley never received all the money owed her. Despite the profits that Beechum's company would seem to be making from the World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang, as indicated by the video's top-five position in national sales charts, Beechum stated that Midnight Video had no obligation to pay Ashley. "We bought the tape from somebody else," Beechum said. "It's too bad what happened to Brooke Ashley, and it's too bad she didn't get paid, but it's not my problem."

People often say the porn industry is one big family. So were the Mansons.

Deep Throat the Quest 3



TOTALLY LIMP



Starring Jessie James, Christi Lake,
Randi Storm, Liza Harper, Anita Blonde,
Anita Dark, Candy Hill, Timber, Anna Malle,
Cinderella, Kimi Ji, Cannibal, Alexis
Devell, Cynthia Hammers, Melinda
Blush, Marc Davis, Brian Surewood,
Mike Horner, Anthony Crane, Thomas
Zupko, J. D. Ferguson, Su, Clay
Sampson, Will James, Jay Stone,
Valentino, Robert Bushong and Steve
Hatcher. Videocassette: Arrow Video.

From the same company that produced the seminal porn classic Deep Throat, the film that grossed an estimated \$100 million and shot porn into the consciousness of mainstream America, comes the abomination known as the Quest 3. Despite the large cast of familiar fuck talent and its auspicious title, the Quest 3 is simply not a professional production. The film falters with shaky shots of shadows and a sound quality akin to a gang of kids in roller skates kicking garbage cans. In the incomprehensible and unerotic opening, a grotesquely fat biker named Fister bellows his own name like a psychotic mongoloid. Fister squashes his flaccid penis into Christi Lake's vacuous vagina. The convolutions continue with a halfbaked plot about a hotel, a Marv Albert impersonation and a babbling harlot who calls herself Goldilocks and blows a man in a bear costume. Bestowing a Totally Limp rating on the Quest 3 is an act of generosity. -Mitch Shepard

Sexcape



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Axel Braun; starring Chelsea Blue, Tina Tyler, Cara Lott, Gina Rome, Maria, Shinella, Claudio, Dick Nasty, David Steel, Mike Foster and Frank Mallone. Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

What do old broads look like naked? Watch Sexcape for the answer. An avalanche of wrinkles slides down the jowls of an aging strumpet as she leans into the camera and works her choppers over the head of a fat cock. Porn grandma sucks furiously. Her withered belly skin writhes, displaying the texture of curdled milk; her old tits droop like large, pale-flesh polyps. It's a wonder grandma's face didn't crack the camera lens. Why did the makers of Sexcape devote so much tape to a hump-happy old battle-ax and leave Chelsea Blue mostly fully clothed? Blue is one of the most stunning brunettes ever to have her smile slathered with dick mayonnaise in a XXX, but her hard-core appearances are almost nil. Sexcape is botched, blurry, out-of-focus, poorly lit and stupidly edited; a few good pieces of ass are glimpsed, like morsels of tasty food in a pile of chunky vomit. -M.A.

Cape Sin



FULLY



Directed by Kris Kramski; starring Brooke April, Brick Majors, Wanda Jane, Neomi Allen and Jay Ashley. Videocassette: Sin City. Shot on film.

Cape Sin is a skank-free, postcard-perfect picture of filth from the Bahamas. It presents blowjobs on a beautiful beach at sunset, cunt licking in the surf, poophole pounding in a festive island cabana. Starring hole Brooke April is the rare XXX slut who has the refined, unblemished contours of a fashion model. Her ass is defiantly high; her puffy-nipple tits aim toward the heavens; she holds her head with leonine pride. She knows that between her legs she has a gash like a supercharged jizz pump. The average man, if given the opportunity to stick his dick in a sperm socket on the level of April's, would probably blow load after load until he shot his guts out and expired. April seems to know this. She slinks over the sand, wagging her silky tail at the camera. Luckily, flesh goddesses need rent money like everybody else. April earns hers with a cock stuffed in her face and another cramming her can. Sperm washes over her smile like a gentle, tropical rain. Cape Sin offers unparalleled views of top-notch ginch. Wish you were there.



DEEP THROAT: Valentino nails Hammers.

Ben Dover's Kinky Butt Freaks



FULLY ERECT



Directed by Ben Dover; starring Zoe, Panther, Paige, Lisa, Stephanie, Ben Dover, Pascal, Bob Scott and Charles. Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

In Kinky Butt Freaks, lascivious limey Ben Dover and his Muppetlooking mate Pascal travel to Amsterdam and hook up with online sex kitten Zoe. Zoe's proper English accent quickly disintegrates into undignified carnal demands. Pascal dumps Zoe on her mop of curly hair. Chin tucked into her drum-tight tummy, Pascal splays Zoe's luscious legs in an inverted cross like the unstable ears of a cheap rabbit antenna. While Pascal shanks her shitter, another dick appears and sinks slowly into Zoe's pussy with a sopping pop. Dover cajoles video virgins Paige and Lisa into experimenting with the first ass fuckings of their young lives. After the bed-shaking rump reaming, the girls huddle close for comfort. Lipstick smeared and eyes tearing, super-cute Lisa slurps spuzz out of pixie Paige's red and swollen anus. Bow down to King Dover. Butt Freaks rules. -M. S.

In Your Face



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Mark Zane; starring Peris Bleu, Fiero, Samantha, Neisa, Jasmine, Diesel, Wildcat, Steve Taylor, Brandon Iron, Joel Lawrence and Keith. Videocassette: Zane Entertainment.

Stripped down to the bare essence of salacious simplicity, In Your Face places nasty novices in a room and films them fucking. The results are awkward at best. After undressing stiffly, the couples quickly copulate, as if wanting to leave the scene and drink the day's humiliation away. Jasmine grinds her bone-dry slit uncomfortably against Diesel's hairy shin and hoovers his hog with the false confidence and overzealousness of a gawky, gothic girl obsessed with her slut status at school. Keith's face masks revulsion as he tongues Wildcat's greasy squack with feigned glee. Her outer cunt flaps sport the graying hues of raw hamburger in the process of putrification. A pudgy stripper with the jowls of a buffet regular sputters and cackles uncontrollably as her shy partner thumbs her lumpy breasts. Brandon Iron bangs Fiero's rash-speckled bottom. Like a spooked mare, she inexplicably jumps up and breaks for the bathroom. In Your Face offends viewers. -M.S.



SEXCAPE: Foster fixes Maria's pipe.



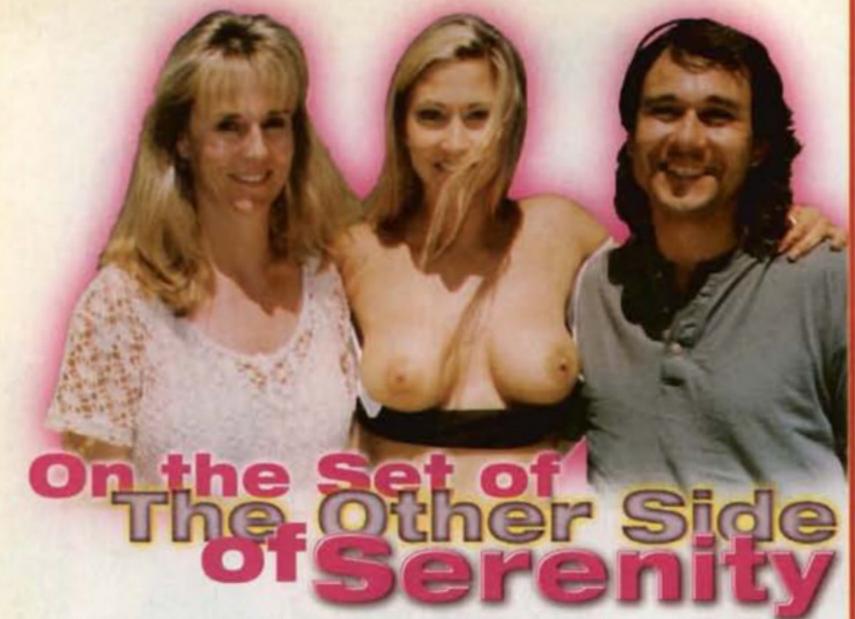
CAPE SIN: Majors plugs April.



KINKY BUTT FREAKS: Lisa and Paige display wares.



IN YOUR FACE: Taming Wildcat's pussy.



Contest Winners Glimpse the Sleaze Behind the Sleaze

Mrs. Mallory is taking her certification test to be an educator. Mr. Mallory runs a small business designing store interiors. They stand next to Katie Gold, who sucks cock for a living.

A dream came true for the Mallorys when they won a drawing from Wicked Pictures for the chance to see the behind-the-scenes action at an ordinarily closed-to-the-public XXX-feature shoot. Early in the morning this past May, a limousine furnished by Wicked Pictures arrived at the Mallorys' suburban home and whisked them into the glamorous world of a porn shoot high in the hills of Tarzana, California.

"We're not sure what to make of all this," Mrs. Mallory says with guarded enthusiasm as Gold sashays past, naked, tamps out her cigarette and tramps over to the bed to begin her fuck scene with lan Daniels. Daniels greets Gold by clutching her blond head and shoving his dick into her yip.



"Fascinating," Mr. Mallory whispers, his eyes gleaming with rapt appreciation. Mrs. Mallory grabs her husband's hand and pulls him close to her on a couch a few feet from the carnal thespians.

"Get a macro shot of Katie's cute little asshole," director F. J. Lincoln calls. "Fuck her now, lan."

Daniels mounts Gold from the rear. Her pussy fills the room with slurping noises, like a boot coming unstuck from the mud.

"Shit!" Daniels jumps off of Gold's rump. "My rubber came off. Katie, it's somewhere in your pussy."

Gold shoves her hand up her cunt and digs around for the lost rubber.

Daniels squirts lube onto his palm and maintains his erection by absentmindedly jacking off. He makes eye contact with Mrs. Mallory and smiles. "How you doing?"

"Fine. Very well," Mrs. Mallory stammers, staring with politely concealed panic as Daniels continues to masturbate within popping distance of her face.

Mr. Mallory gazes placidly at Gold. She continues to fist-fuck herself, searching for the missing scumbag.

"Fascinating," Mr. Mallory repeats.

"This is something we'll never have to do again." Mrs. Mallory turns to her husband, shooting him a glance that suggests it may be a long limo ride home.

(Above) Serenity greets the Mallorys.

(Left and below) Daniels and Gold study their parts in their demanding roles as fornicators.



Super Natural



HALF



Directed by the Bogus Brothers; starring Sunshine Blue, Sierra, Gaynor, the Bogus Brothers, Paul Coxxx and Alex Sao Paolo. Videocassette: Hollywood Video.

Fat pigs are people too. Super Natural features three oinkers with whoppers like volcanos of blubber. Sunshine Blue models a slinky negligee-and-stockings ensemble; the belts holding up her bra cups and belly strain like cables on a suspension bridge. The Bogus Brothers are a skinny guy and a fat guy who dig getting it on with fuck hogs. What's not to like about farm-animal females? The skinny Bogus brother sits on Blue's snoot. She agreeably chews his wrinkly scrote skin while he grabs armloads of her jugs and fucks the cleavage. Sierra, the black bitch, bends to her knees. Brown, slinky tits hang down to the sheets in piles. Her ass crack yawns open like a gorge at nightfall. The fat Bogus brother charges Sierra from across the room in the manner of a ram. He buries his horn deep in her sphincters. How does he shitpipe her without falling in? Gaynor flew in from England, perhaps on a cargo plane. Nailed on her back, Gaynor's spongy peaks whap her chin with each thrust. Super Natural is a fatty chaser's paradise. -M.A.

Femme



ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Jay Ashley; starring Katie Gold, Shelby Myne, Yvonne, Felecia, Candy Hill, Randi Rage, Teri Starr, Inari, Charlie, Montana Gunn and Monti. Videocassette: Vivid.

Male viewers suspect starlets fake on-screen orgasms, especially in overdone, art-house lesbian films like Femme. Porn player-cum-director Jay Ashley directs his cast of beautiful babes straight down the toilet. Ashley allows the girls to overact and slink around

like cagey cats instead of fucking the shit out of one another. Femme's failure cannot rest entirely on Ashley's slumped shoulders. With exception of Bruce Seven's contributions, the dyke genre generally leaves the viewer unfulfilled. Lesbian lickand-stick fests lack the proof of a man popping to stamp the climax as real. Ashley sets up an interesting premise with Felecia, Katie Gold and Shelby Myne. The trio plays master and servants. Felecia forces Gold to lick bloodred Jell-O out of a silver chalice and yanks the metal bit on Myne's head bridle. The scene deflates as the girls forget the chain of command, dork off with dildos and wiggle around on the floor in the facsimile of ecstasy. Femme fakes the funk. -M.S.

Seymore Butts' Think Sphinc



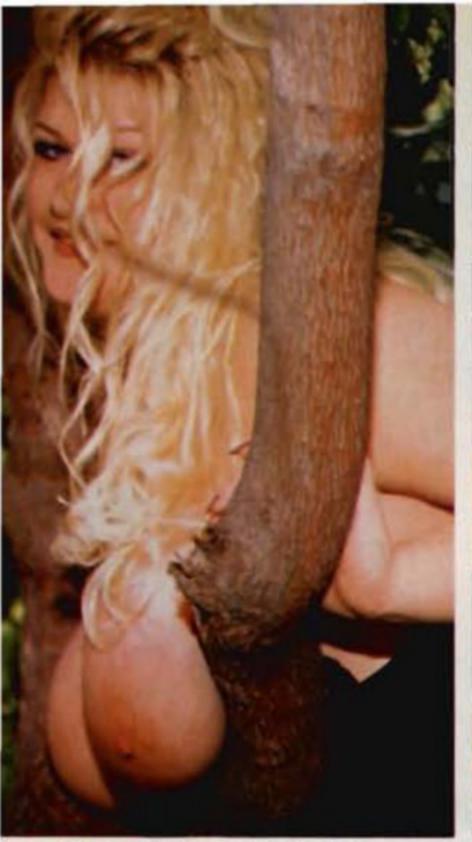
ONE-QUARTER ERECT



Directed by Seymore Butts; starring Alisha Klass, Samantha Stylle, Halli Aston, Dina Jewel, Mark, Tom Byron and Butch.

Videocassette: Seymore Butts Home Movies.

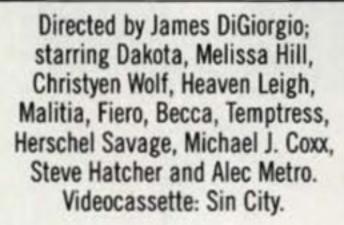
Think Sphinc finds Seymore Butts wandering in a house filled with rented porn bitches. Butts carries a video camera on his shoulder equipped with a microphone. Butts can't shut up. Swedish cock hole Dina Jewel kneels on the bed as T. T. Boy schwings into her meat blossom. "Don't ram her head into the backboard," Butts frets, intruding on the action with his annoyingly schnozzy voice. Jewel's pounding continues. Butts yammers, making lame schtick, punctuating his jokes with wheezy laughter. The paid pieces of ass roaming Butts's home, being sodomized by Butts's hired friends, are superior, but Butts lenses them as if they are background ornaments for his running monologue. Watching Think Sphinc is like making out in a car with a really nasty chick, and your buddy keeps knocking on the window to tell you a joke. Go away, Seymore. -M.A.



SUPER NATURAL: Gaynor, stuck in a tree.

Naked Lust

TOTALLY LIMP



The rumor mill in the porn industry can be cruel and crushing to inflated egos. Charismatic cocksman Alec Metro has suffered the slings and arrows of critics calling him effeminate. What does Metro do to assuage this allegation? He agrees to star in Naked Lust as an Ed Wood impersonator, complete with pencil-thin mustache, flitty mannerisms and penchant for angora sweaters. In a helium-affected voice suggesting a savage blow to the balls, Metro honks the pendulous whoppers of hatchet-faced Temptress and giggles like a Girl Scout. In a zany mishap of mistaken identity, Metro ignores the blonde at hand and fondles the pectorals of his male ménage partner. After the unfunny fag gag, the two take turns banging Temptress's pussy, which looks like an exploded eggplant. Their dicks nearly tap tips when churning choad on her zit-infected face. Metro may be all man, but straight guys skip Naked Lust. -M.S.



FEMME: Myne smiles twice for the camera.



THINK SPHINC: Feeding time for slut Samantha Stylle.



NAKED LUST: Savage slays Malitia.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



FULLY ERECT



Ben Dover's Crack Attack (VCA) Kelly, Emma, Ben Dover

HUSTLER Letters Volume 2 (Vivid Video)

Alyssa Love, Tera Hart, Jake Steed

Maximum Anal Xcursions Volume 19
(Filmwest Productions)

Phyllisha Anne, Amytheist Stone, Max Hardcore

Tatiana 3 (Private)
Tania Russof, Caroline, Andrew Youngman



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



A Case of Terminal Love (VCA Pictures) Nikki Lynn, Alyssa Love, Tom Byron

Fresh Pink (Xplor Media)

Paulina, Christina, Ana
Hot Bods & Tail Pipe Volume 2

(Seymore Butts Home Movies)
Ruby, Montana Gunn, Dave Hardman

Private Geographic (Private) Nikki Anderson, Ana, Philippe Soine

Sticky Fingered (Elegant Angel) Nici Sterling, Taylor Moore, John Decker

Suite Seduction (Wicked Pictures)
Serenity, Shayla La Veaux, Mark Davis

Ruby's Swap Meat Chicks (VCA Pictures) Ruby, Sydnee Steele, Steve Drake



HALF ERECT



Anal Asylum (Sin City)
Roxanne Hall, Dakota, Rod Fontana

Best Friends (Vivid)
Lene, Johnni Black, Vince Vouyer

Erotic Obsessions (Sunshine Films)
Angelica Sin, Liza Harper, Eric Price

The Price of an Education (Silver Star Entertainment/Legend) Emily Jewel, Nikki Lynn, Vince Vouyer

White Trash Whore 6 (JM Productions) Cassidy, Alyssa Allure, Buck Adams



ONE-QUARTER



Hidden Desire (VCA Pictures)
Roxanne Hall, Amytheist Stone, John Decker

I've Got Milk (Dreamland U.S.A)
Tabitha Stevens, Jacklyn Lick, Ron Jeremy

Brianna Lee's Red Hot Weinie Roast (Sin City)

Brianna Lee, Lola Shores, Rock

Wired for Sex (Puritan/Legend)
Dru Berrymoore, Riana Star, Marc Wallice



TOTALLY LIMP



Models (Sin City)
Nancy Vee, Tina Tyler, James Bonn

The Wish of a Porn Star (VCA) Nici Sterling, Lexi Eriksson, Kyle Stone

X-Treme Sadie (Midnight Video)
Sadie Sexton, Timber, Mike Hurt



GOLD: Are Hatcher, Steele and Malle the new Three Stooges?

More Precious Than Gold



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT



Directed by Jim Holliday; starring Jill Kelly, Anna Malle, Asia Carrera, Sydnee Steele, Raylene, Nellie Pierce, Coral Sands, Nakita Kash, Lauren Montgomery, Carlie, Kimberly Jade, Wynona Winter, Jacklyn Lick, Rebecca Wild,

Charlie, Tom Byron, Mark Davis, Hank Armstrong, Bret Wolf, Frank Towers, Ian Daniels and Steve Hatcher. Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

An asinine and absurd plot has never swayed helmsman Jim Holliday from participating in a porn project. Be warned: More Precious Than Gold contains Holliday's moronic surf music and self-indulgent rants about meaningless life philosophies spewed without any sense of editing or irony. Holliday pulls off this blue-screen behemoth by incorporating an unrelenting stream of sloppy sex, often run back to back, without segue or interruption. Holliday's talent lies in his bigness, not only in his preposterous production, but from the sheer number of scenes he pulls from talent. Box-cover blonde Jill Kelly offers her luxurious ass and immaculate cunt in five separate scenes. In one continuous take, Tom Byron sinks into six slits and shitters with three bountiful babes poolside before trumpeting testicle transmission. More Precious Than Gold sparkles with spunk. -M.S.



SHANE: Rinaldi demonstrates the joy of French cooking.

Citizen Shane



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Directed by Marc Dorcel; starring Draghixa, Anita Rinaldi, Maeva, Erika Stone, Christophe Clark

and Paul Beavais. Videocassette: Vivid Film. Shot on film.

Citizen Shane comes from France, which is essentially a fag country. Straight Frenchmen look queer; straight XXX from France seems gay; but even a gay-looking French fuck film delivers fine French sluts. French broads all curl their lips as if they are wait-

ing to have cocks shoved down their throats at any moment. It may be genetic. Continental holes possess full, swoopy knockers that point up, with nipples like darts, and butts that swell like blown-glass baubles. Could it be true that all hot French chicks are rabid, foaming-at-the-twat lesbians who also dig being drilled in the ass? It seems so in Citizen Shane. The dumbass, frog-brained plot, a spoof of Citizen Kane, does not interfere with the jackoff's handon appreciation of Citizen Shane. Vive les cunts Françaises.

-M.A.

STARS IN XXX



INCLUDING

Racquel Darrian, Jill Kelly, Nikki Tyler, Dyanna Lauren, Kaitlyn Ashley, Jenteal, Nici Sterling, Celeste, Sindee Coxx, Savannah, Teri Weigel, Ashlyn Gere, Hyapatia Lee, Julia Ann, Kia, Brittany O'Connell and many, many more!

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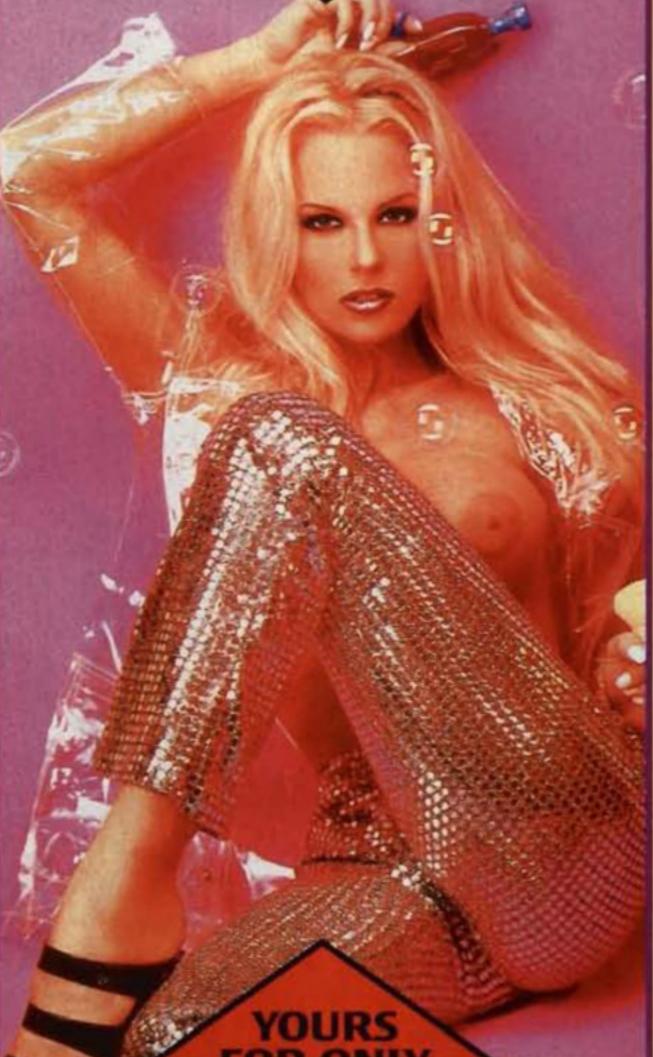
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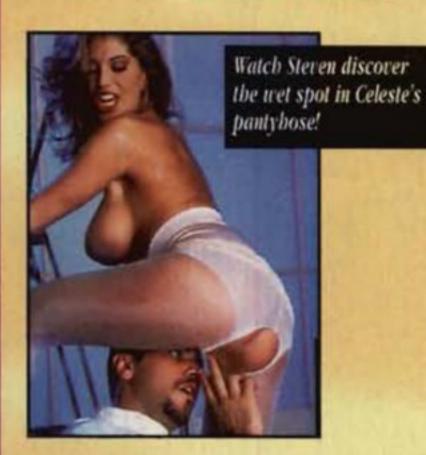
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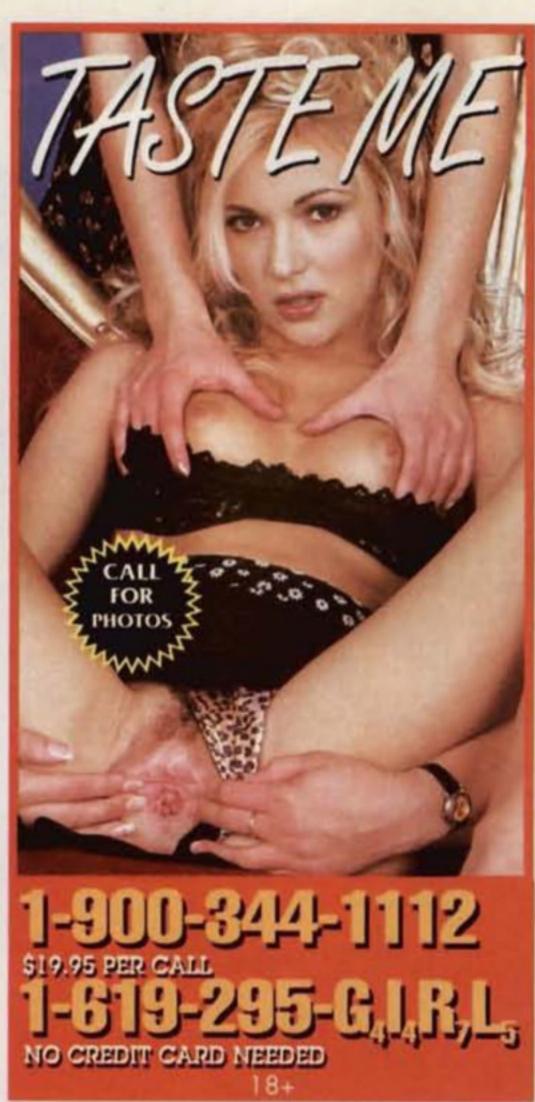
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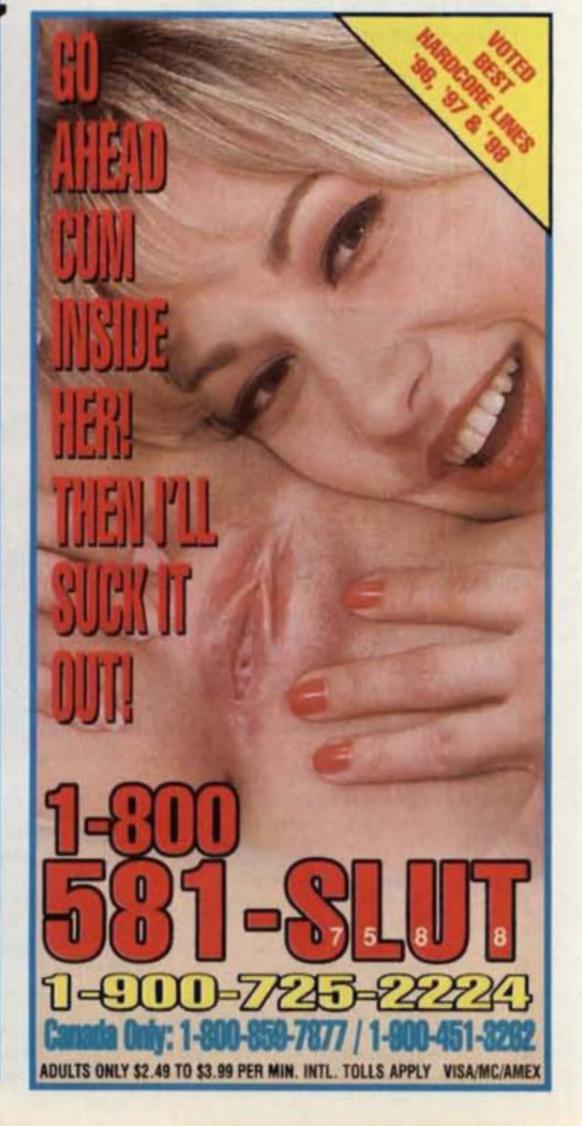
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(continued from page 35)

Hot Letters Pretending to accept Jesus Christ as my lord and savior is not an easy line of bullshit to lay down without getting extremely stoned beforehand.

to thrust in and out of her winking browneye. A final thrust of tongue triggered a G-spot orgasm that put her fine, bulbous ass straight to sleep.

Since that fateful, fragrant evening, I've become a real aficionado of nose fucking. Give my method a try, guys, but don't ever stick your cock in her nostril. Believe me, it's just not possible-no matter how much lube you use. -0. H.

Lathrup Village, Michigan

TWISTED SISTER

Oh, God! I've really outdone my horndog self this time. I fucked a nun-a real, live, Bible-thumping, holy-rolling woman of the cross. The pussy was hot, tight and succulent; considering Sister Dawn had only been laid one other time in her life, she sure knew how to fuck. Now, however, I'm consumed with guilt. Can God forgive my weakness for a great ginch?

I blame our blasphemous coupling on my ultraconservative and religious Aunt Edith. Two years ago, I moved into her basement after a goddamned bookie took all my money and broke the fingers on my left hand. Edith allows me to enjoy a rent-free existence, as long as I help out around the house, take care of her garden and attend church services. Pretending to accept Jesus Christ as my lord and savior is not an easy line of bullshit to lay down without getting extremely stoned beforehand.

Once in a while, the boundaries of my responsibilities can be somewhat blurred. For instance, I don't particularly enjoy giving Edith foot massages. She's a bit too responsive to my rubbing and kneading. Sure, the woman has needs since Uncle Al died, but a broke-ass nephew should not be a source of orgasmic release. I don't complain, since half an hour of playing This Little Piggy means eight uninterrupted hours of smoking pot in the basement.

My lips happened to be wrapped around a bongful of particularly brutal bud when I heard loud footsteps outside my smoke-filled room. Frantically, I hid my apparatus and tried to wave away the cloud of pot fog.

A voice called, "Leonard? Your aunt sent me down to talk to you." I swear to God, my heart was ready to pound out of my chest. After taking a moment to stave off the marijuana-induced anxiety attack, I opened the door and flashed on my first glimpse of the sultry, sensuous Sister Dawn.

She sure didn't look like a nun. Dawn wore a smart white blouse and a long skirt. Although the conservative clothes didn't reveal much body, I detected the presence of substantial boobs and a thick, firm ass. Her hair was dark and straight, framing a face devoid of makeup, but still sexy beyond belief. The only indication of Dawn's sisterly status was a large, gold pendant pinned to her impressive chest. All the convent penguins who attend Aunt Edith's church groups sport the same symbol.

"Edith tells me you spent some time in jail," said the hot-to-trot holy one after taking a seat on my dirty couch. Luckily, she didn't seem to notice an issue of **HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL wedged** between the cushions. In order to distract Dawn from the godless smut, I sat down close enough to breathe in her freshly scrubbed, Ivory-pure scent.

"Oh, that? Yeah," I responded casually, trying not to appear as high as I felt. "I accosted a woman in Kmart and yanked her shorts down. Fuck, you should have seen the backside on this bitch. Uh-oh...I just said that out loud, didn't I?" Instead of spewing the expected fire and brimstone at me, Dawn simply laughed.

"That's all right. It's refreshing to leave the convent and speak with people of great candor. I asked because I'm preparing to meet inmates at the state

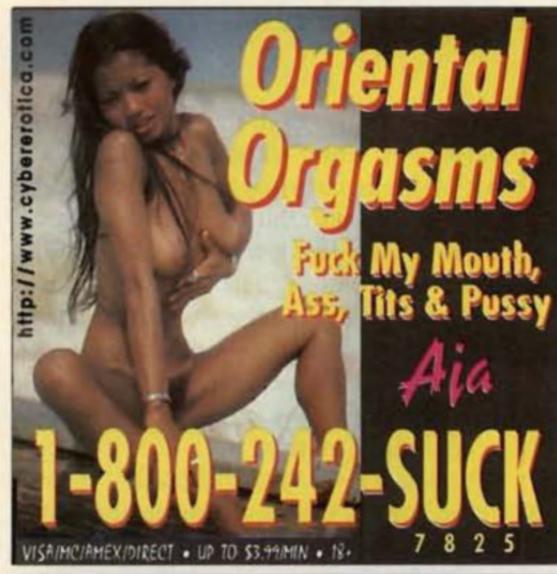
prison, and I wanted to practice with someone of your experience." When Dawn laid a reassuring hand on my leg, I nearly leaped into the air. She genuinely seemed to be putting the moves on me! Of course, I had felt the same way about that Kmart skank...and my Aunt Edith. Perhaps drug intake is not the wisest choice for a raging pervert. But what did Sister Dawn mean by practice...or experience, for that matter?

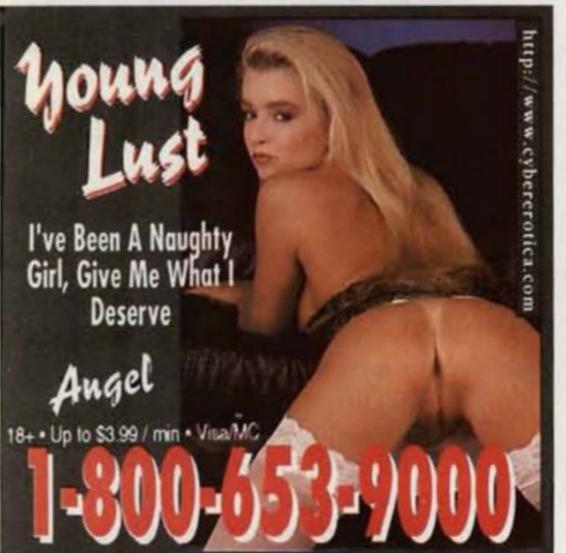
I moved closer and babbled, "Wow. What an honor. Or maybe an insult; I'm too fucking stoned to know the difference. At the moment, I'm still trying to figure out why a complete piece of ass with a face like a supermodel would be married to Christ. By the way, is He circumcised?"

"Well," Dawn pondered, doing nothing to prevent my fingers from traipsing up her skirt, "He is Jewish." Suddenly the sexual tension was too much for me to bear. I leaned over and planted my tongue in Dawn's mouth. With a gasp, she shoved me backward as roughly as possible and bolted upstairs.

Fuck, I thought while battling to regain balance. What is wrong with me? For Chrisake, she's a nun! I took several minutes to smack myself in the head. If a jury (continued on page 48)

"The job pays less than minimum wage, but money isn't everything-right?"





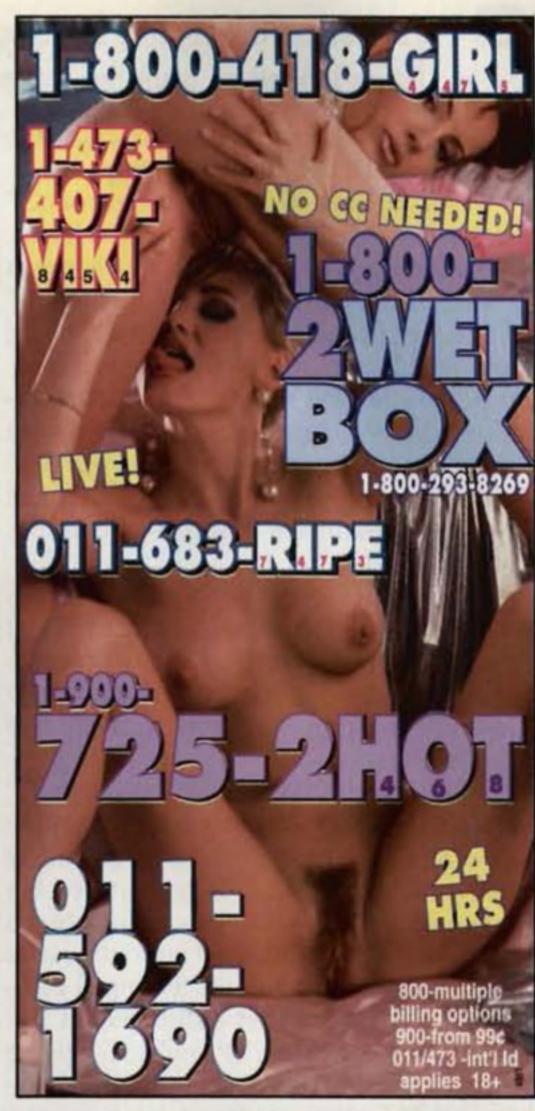


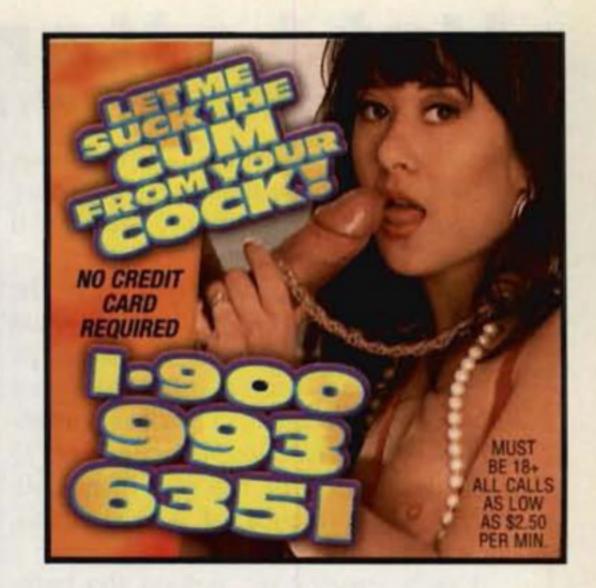


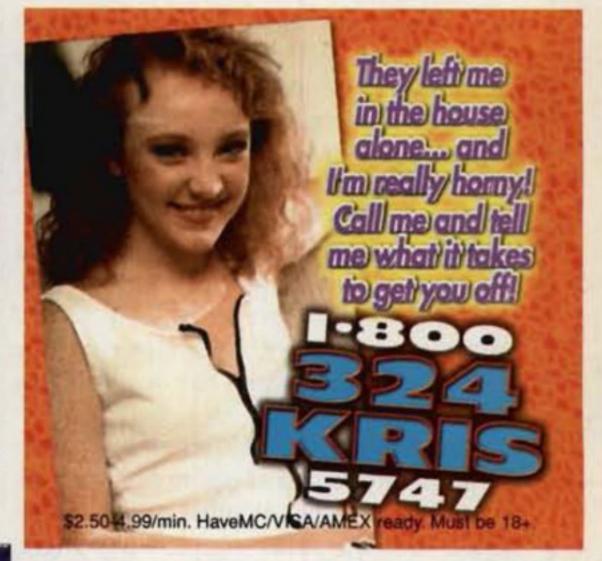




















(continued from page 45)

Hot Letters "That's some mighty fine cocksucking. I'll bet the monsignor never had the decency to reciprocate." Utterly puzzled, Dawn looked up from her trouser meal and uncorked my pork.

heard the case of a nun vs. a repeat sex offender, I would probably get the chair. My only hope was to find Sister Dawn and beg forgiveness.

Aunt Edith was nowhere in sight; the house appeared to be empty. I searched for what seemed to be hours, although half that time was admittedly spent trapped in a closet with a terribly confusing doorknob. Defeated, I slumped off to the bathroom for the last piss of my life without the presence of a 300-pound, black cellmate.

A sight greeted me behind the bathroom door that was so fantastic, I almost thought I was hallucinating. Sister Dawn sat spread-eagle on the toilet, diddling her holiest of holies! The jumbo cross pendant was employed as a makeshift dildo. With her clothes disheveled and a single bare tit revealed, Dawn was obviously enraptured. I caught enough of an eyeful to grow a massive woody before she detected my presence and turned bright red. Quickly, she removed the glistening crucifix from the dewy depths of her womb.

"Don't worry," I whispered, lifting her from the throne and clasping her smooth, ample rump. "I just wanted to ask if you would turn the other cheek." My digits wiggled past Dawn's bum to stroke her cooch from behind. She trembled at the delicate touch and unzipped my pants.

"I-I've only been with a man once," Dawn stammered, falling to her knees. "The monsignor, when I was much, much younger. I hope I remember what to do." The sanctified slut imbibed my throbbing tool in one gulp. Apparently she had practiced swallowing more than just communion wafers. Dawn's technique was more than a bit clumsy, but she managed to quaff the entire staff. I stiffened and twitched within the warm, wet confines of her throat.

"Praise the Lord," I exclaimed. "That's some mighty fine cocksucking. I'll bet the monsignor never had the decency to reciprocate." Utterly puzzled, Dawn looked up from her trouser meal and uncorked my pork.

She asked, "What do you mean?" Rather than supply a lengthy explanation of cunnilingus to a woman who had never known the pleasure, I dived between her legs and smothered her protruding clitoris with tongue. A wild, heaving outburst of ecstasy echoed in the tiny, cramped bathroom; I prayed Aunt Edith would not return home in time to find me lapping sisterly juices. Deft licking and sucking provoked a raucous climax in every inch of Dawn's quim. Oozing, bucking vage

painted my face with gleet before the satisfied nun tensed her body and held me at arm's length.

"Oh, no you don't," I chided, fighting her effort to prevent me from supplying more heavenly fucking. I wrestled away from her grip and lay upon Dawn's wriggling form. "You're going to enjoy a dose of dick. Do you want me to fuck your pussy?"

"Yes," Dawn cried. She was close to sobbing. Ever the tease, I danced my purple head around her twat lips before sinking the pink.

"Then pray for it," I cruelly mocked. The pained paroxysms of electric lust that consumed Dawn's face and bod had me ready to bust a nut. I planned to ride her hard and fast.

"Our Father," began Dawn, before quickly screaming: "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Pummel after pummel of my ten-inch rod violated her angelic snatch. I gave her the pork of the beast, peeling off a countless number of thrusts in a few agonizingly brief minutes. My agitated balls would not withstand any further strokes.

"Holy shit," I yelled. White heat erupted from my tip and spurted into the sister. She clawed at my back and experienced yet another orgasm, this time accompanied by the gnashing teeth of the demonically possessed. We crumpled together in a postcoital heap, singing each other limp hosannas.

The sex was about as good as it gets, but I still feel guilty. Especially since I learned that Dawn killed herself two weeks later. She left a note explaining that she had suffered a major upheaval of faith and wanted to be with Jesus for comfort. I sure hope He's giving it to her.

> -L. B. Hoylehurst, Mississippi

EVERYDAY LAY

I read and love the outrageous missives sent to HUSTLER by lucky, lusty readers. To be honest, nothing in my thoroughly mediocre sex life compares to the semenslathered encounters enjoyed by the average Hot Letters contributor. That's precisely why I decided to write. Despite the fact that I didn't score my most recent piece of ass in a funeral home, kindergarten classroom or some other unlikely location, I believe average guys and their average experiences should also be represented within the pages of America's Magazine. My story may not be the wildest tale ever told, but every word is absolutely true.





"Hold on, buddy! Oxygen is on the way!"



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Hot Letters She's kind of porky, I silently pondered as she rambled something about the Internet. On the other hand, she has a vagina. I'm sure HUSTLER readers can guess which voice won out.

Last Saturday morning, I was awakened by a phone call from my pal Brian. He found out about a party on the north side of town that was supposed to be crammed with chicks. Since Brian and I both broke up with our girlfriends the week before, we formed a two-man scrunt-hunting committee. I pass along any hot, hair-pie tips to Brian, and he returns the favor. So far, our efforts had proved fruitless, but something in the tone of my buddy's hormone-wracked voice told me this get-together could deliver the ass jackpot. Hell, I was so confident, I even shaved my balls in the shower—one of many penis-enhancement tricks gleaned from Ron Jeremy's HUSTLER interview.

The shindig turned out to be 30 or 40 homos swishing around the apartment of a big babe named Mallory. She dated Brian for a few weeks back in 1992, but he had dumped her cheesy ass when she gained too much weight. If you take the time to check her out, Mallory is actually pretty hot. Her hooters are plus-size, and her face is twisted into a nasty, permanent leer. Unfortunately, the insecure fag hag dresses in baggy men's clothing to hide her voluptuous frame and keeps her long, sandy-brown hair twisted into a tomboy's bun.

Somehow, Brian managed to zero in on the one party guest wearing a dress who didn't sport a penis as well. He dragged the stacked, fair-haired looker off to a nearby bathroom and may have banged her; I don't actually know. All I cared about was the fact that Brian stuck me with Mallory, who was a bit tipsy and rather flirtatious.

She's kind of porky, I silently pondered as she rambled something about the Internet. On the other hand, she has a vagina. I'm sure HUSTLER readers can guess which voice in my head won out: the inner dirty birdie that insists upon a serving of skeeve, no matter how foul. Stressing how utterly fascinated I was by our conversation about Japanese art movies, I led Mallory toward a guest bedroom down the hall.

Behind the closed door, we made out like high-school kids. Tact was not an issue as I plunged one hand below her belt and one under her shirt. There are some skanks you just don't worry about offending. Unsurprisingly, Mallory was breathing more heavily and practically melting in my arms. I whipped her pants off in a single, fluid movement.

It's always amazing how much better a woman can look when she's naked and her slit is creaming. My fingers fumbled to open Mallory's pink, pungent flower. A knuckle or two pushed inside the fleshy wetness; my zaftig lover stiffened and threw her head back.

"Let me show you how I like it," she insisted. Another great thing about girls who get no play is their lack of coyness. After all, maybe she won't knock back another cock for several dried-up months. Mallory bent over, grabbed the coat-covered bed and announced, "Do me backward."

I pulled my pants around my ankles, careful not to remove them entirely; if Brian walked in, I planned to play the whole incident off as some elaborate prank. Mallory's bum did look quite inviting. The cheeks were round and luscious, without the cellulite that affects so many heifers. My palms ran over the smooth surface, then cupped and grabbed meaty fistfuls.

"Ooof," grunted Mallory upon insertion of my pulsating wiener into her snizz. Poon slop sizzled down my length, and I was abruptly lubed enough for strong, violent pumping. I put my hips into the rhythm, determined not to let her imposing frame deter my trademark doggy-style.

"You've got me all heated up, baby," I sweet-talked. Well-chosen words can turn

an average hump buddy into a fucking animal. "Look at this big ass on my cock. I'm spearing you, bitch, giving you all my good loving...." Mallory couldn't form a coherent reply; she was moaning and moving faster each moment. The bed shook and groaned loudly under her weight. I didn't want anyone to hear our screw session, but I didn't want to slow down the tempo of that big, juicy bottom either.

Then I was coming before I even knew what happened. Surprised, I withdrew my joint and sprayed a scum volley straight up Mallory's back. She felt the wet lash and groaned.

"Damn it," she cursed. "Now I've got to take a fucking shower!" Not another word was exchanged as she pulled her clothes on and stormed off toward the bathroom.

Inevitably, Brian heard about the entire incident. He's been ribbing me ever since. Fuck him; the skeeve he spent the evening with turned out to have herpes. These things happen in the real world. May all your letters be hot ones. —E. C.

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Send your sexperiences to HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"I'm taking you off Viagra."



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

High-Flyin' Humping

CRUISING CABIN AND COCKPIT FOR COOZE

BY JAMIE ALEXANDER * ILLUSTRATION BY JORDAN CRANE

Patrick, a 28-year-old computer-sales representative covering the Pacific Northwest, has dreamed about fucking on a plane for as long as he can remember. He has heard co-workers tell stories about high-flying sex, but it's never happened to Patrick.

Tonight, Patrick is flying with his girlfriend, Sandy, a 24-year-old, sinewy blonde. They have worked out the logistics for a high-altitude fuck session. They'll commandeer the back row, then wait for the flight attendants to finish their service rounds.

Sandy worries about getting caught. "Don't wear any panties," Patrick advises. "And, for Godsake, don't scream."

Ninety minutes into the flight, Patrick and Sandy are spooned under the blankets. The cabin is quiet. They feign sleep when a stewardess comes by with a snack. Patrick is kneading Sandy's firm tits and frigging her clit.

Patrick's rock-hard dick nestles between Sandy's pillowy ass cheeks. Sliding a hand under the blanket, Patrick buries three fingers in Sandy's dripping snatch.

"Now," Sandy moans. "Fuck me now." Patrick slips the head of his hard-on into Sandy's oozing pink. Her twat twitches. Patrick plunges his rod balls-deep.

"Ooohhhh!" Sandy moans louder. Patrick pumps furiously. "Aaaahhh!" Sandy screams before Patrick can cover her mouth. He shoots his load deep into her quivering gash.

Heads pop up above the seats. A flight attendant appears in the aisle. "She was dreaming," Patrick explains. The attendant isn't fooled. She glares at the sweaty couple, but turns away to comfort the other passengers.

Patrick has finally earned his wings. He's a member of the Mile High Club.

The history of the infamous Mile High Club began with Lawrence Sperry, a mechanical whiz and daredevil pilot who invented the gyroscopic autopilot. In November of 1916, he was giving a New York socialite flying lessons over Babylon, New York, when the plane suddenly plunged 500 feet into South Bay.

Two duck hunters paddled to the couple's rescue; the hunters were amazed to find the pilot and his passenger completely naked. Sperry explained the crash had somehow "divested" them of their clothing, but the New York Mirror & Evening Graphic headlined their front page with the story: "Aerial Petting—Ends in Wetting." Only later would Sperry admit to a friend he caused the crash when he bumped into the gyro platform during "aerial maneuvering."

Today, the only requirement for membership in the Mile High Club is committing a carnal act at an altitude of no less than 5,280 feet while in an airplane. The easiest way to join the Club is to charter one of the many flights around the country that exist for that purpose, but the thrill and risk of sex aboard a commercial airliner is the draw for many sky-happy fuckers.

"I could understand it if they cov-

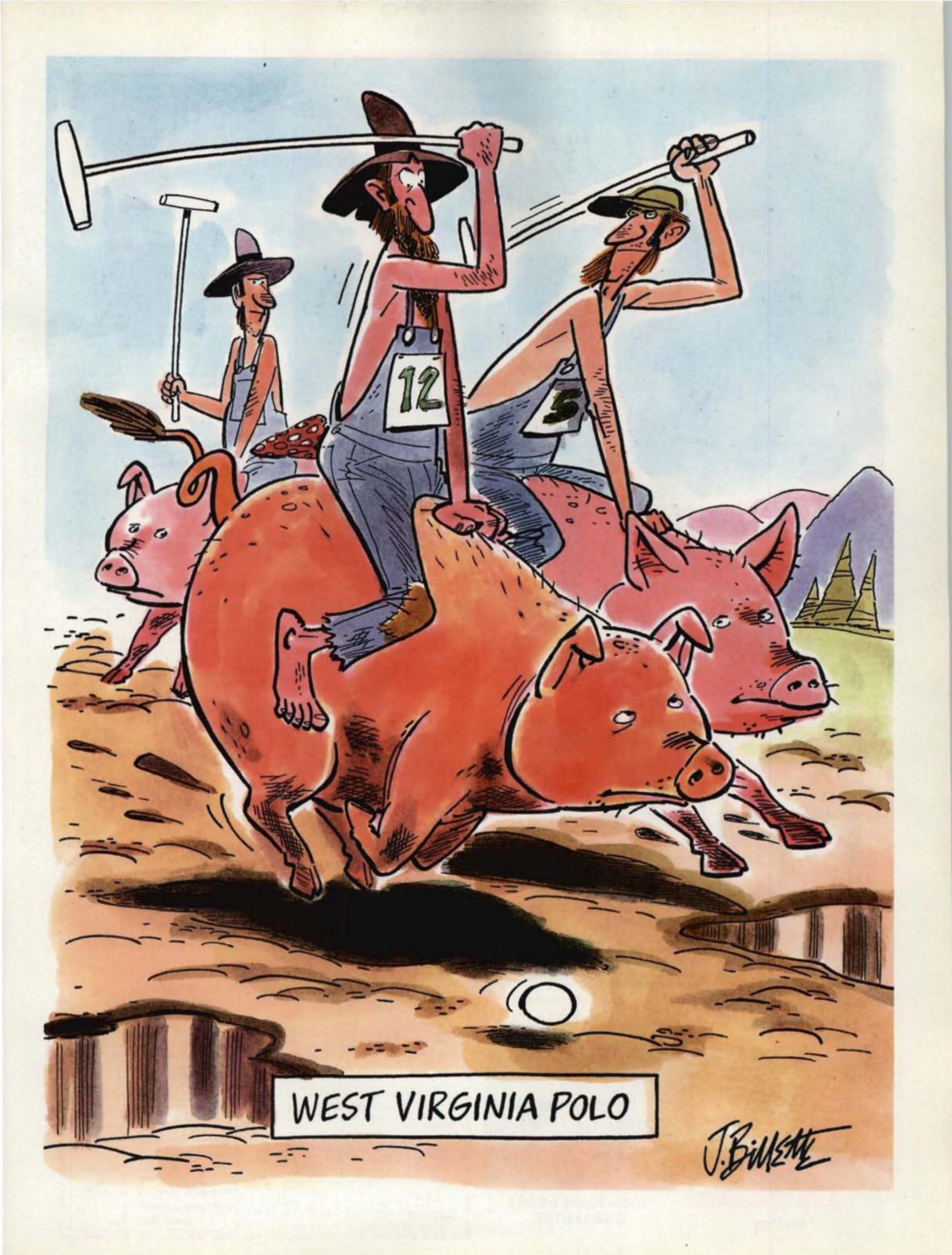
ered themselves with a blanket, but no—it was wham, bam, right there in the seat—in the missionary position," stated a South African Airways (SAA) passenger in June 1998 after a couple in business class on a flight to Johannesburg stripped from the waist down and schtupped in front of other passengers. The flustered flight crew finally called the pilot from the cockpit to deal with the situation.

The horny couple stopped only after the captain yelled that the plane was "not a shag house."

"We aren't the first airline where this sort of thing has happened, and we won't be the last," says SAA onboard-safety manager Danny Drew.

Executives at SAA did not bring any charges in the case, partly because no passengers would agree to file a report. Such inaction is par for the course in the airlines' treatment of consensual sexual activity aboard an airplane. The Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) does not specifically prohibit consensual









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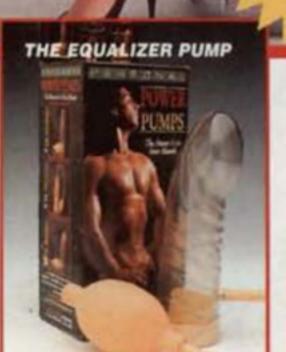
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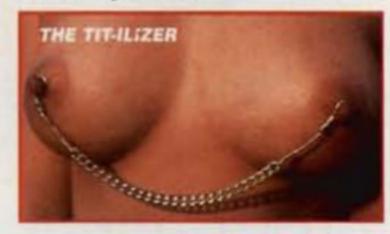
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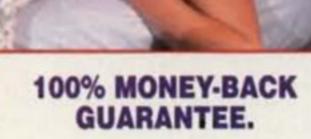
THE VIRGIN

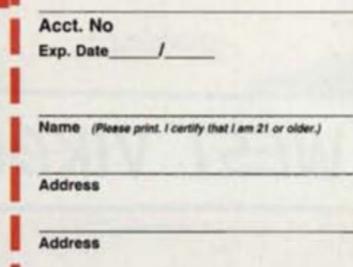
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Sex Play "I could feel myself starting to come when the flight attendant banged on the door. I yelled I would be right out, and my husband kept thrusting. The attendant screamed about FAA regulations."

sexual activity aboard an airplane.

"The only FAA regulations are those that say all passengers must be seated for taxiing, takeoff and landing," explains Pete Elmore, a licensed pilot who runs a company called Precision Operations in Los Angeles, California.

Precision Operations' Elmore operates a corporate twin-engine plane that houses a custom-designed mattress in place of seats. Precision Operations offers aerial tours of Los Angeles and Las Vegas, Nevada, designed to a couple's specific interests.

"Nine times out of ten, it's the woman who will arrange the flight as a surprise," Elmore explains. Excursions usually last about an hour before landing again at Santa Monica, but the couple can arrange for more time if necessary. Flights begin in the mid-\$300s, and veterans receive a certificate documenting their entry into the Club.

Keith Mason of Thunderbird Aviation has offered a similar service out of San Jose International Airport since 1985. "We cater to our clients as best we can," Mason says. "When you're in the air, you can feel it pretty good."

"I'd recommend using a charter service," says Julie of San Jose, California. She denies that the move to a private space lessens the carnal excitement. "I had sex on a commercial airline in the bathroom, but it was too cramped. With a charter, there's only a curtain between you and the pilot. Knowing that he could turn around and see you is exciting.

"Having sex on a plane is great," gushes Julie. "You feel like you've done something most people haven't."

For Jennifer K. of Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, the risk of boning on a commercial flight was the enticement of joining the Mile High Club.

"I'd been trying to persuade my husband to do it for so long, I didn't realize the flight was almost over when he finally agreed," explains Jennifer. She and her husband were on an afternoon flight into Palm Beach International when they retired to the lavatory.

"It was a tight fit. My husband is 6-2 and about 250 pounds. I'm almost 5-10. We ended up with me leaning over the sink and him fucking me from behind.

"I could feel myself starting to come when the flight attendant banged on the door," Jennifer continues. "I yelled I would be right out, and my husband kept thrusting. The attendant screamed about FAA regulations that said the pilot couldn't land until we took our seats. I came just as the co-pilot started shouting that we were violating FAA rules about flight safety, and we

could be subject to criminal charges.

"When we landed, my husband and I had to apologize to the airline and promise it would never happen again."

Jennifer and her husband could have been prosecuted under existing law. "Incidents that threaten flight safety will be prosecuted," promises U.S. Attorney Michael Yamaguchi of San Francisco. FAA regulations prohibit passenger activity that interferes with "a crew member in the performance of the crew member's duties aboard an aircraft under operation." Screwing in the lavatory can be classified as such an activity if it prevents the pilot from landing the plane.

Airlines also guard against sexual overtures toward the flight crew. In an April 1996 incident, an American Airlines flight was diverted in order to remove an "unruly passenger threatening sexual assault to a flight attendant."

"One time, a passenger was masturbating in his seat; I knew he wanted me to see him," offers Misty J. of Houston, Texas, a flight attendant for a major commercial carrier. "He pretended he was trying to cover his penis with a newspaper, but he let it move up and down as he jacked off. He grabbed my butt when I walked by. That happens a lot. And it's not just the men."

Ironically, it was high-altitude salaciousness that inspired Misty to became a flight attendant. "Two years ago, I took a red-eye from New York to Los Angeles," recounts Misty. "When everyone went to sleep, I walked to the back to see if any of the flight attendants felt like talking. One stewardess, Karen, was in the back row, reading. She asked if I wanted a drink.

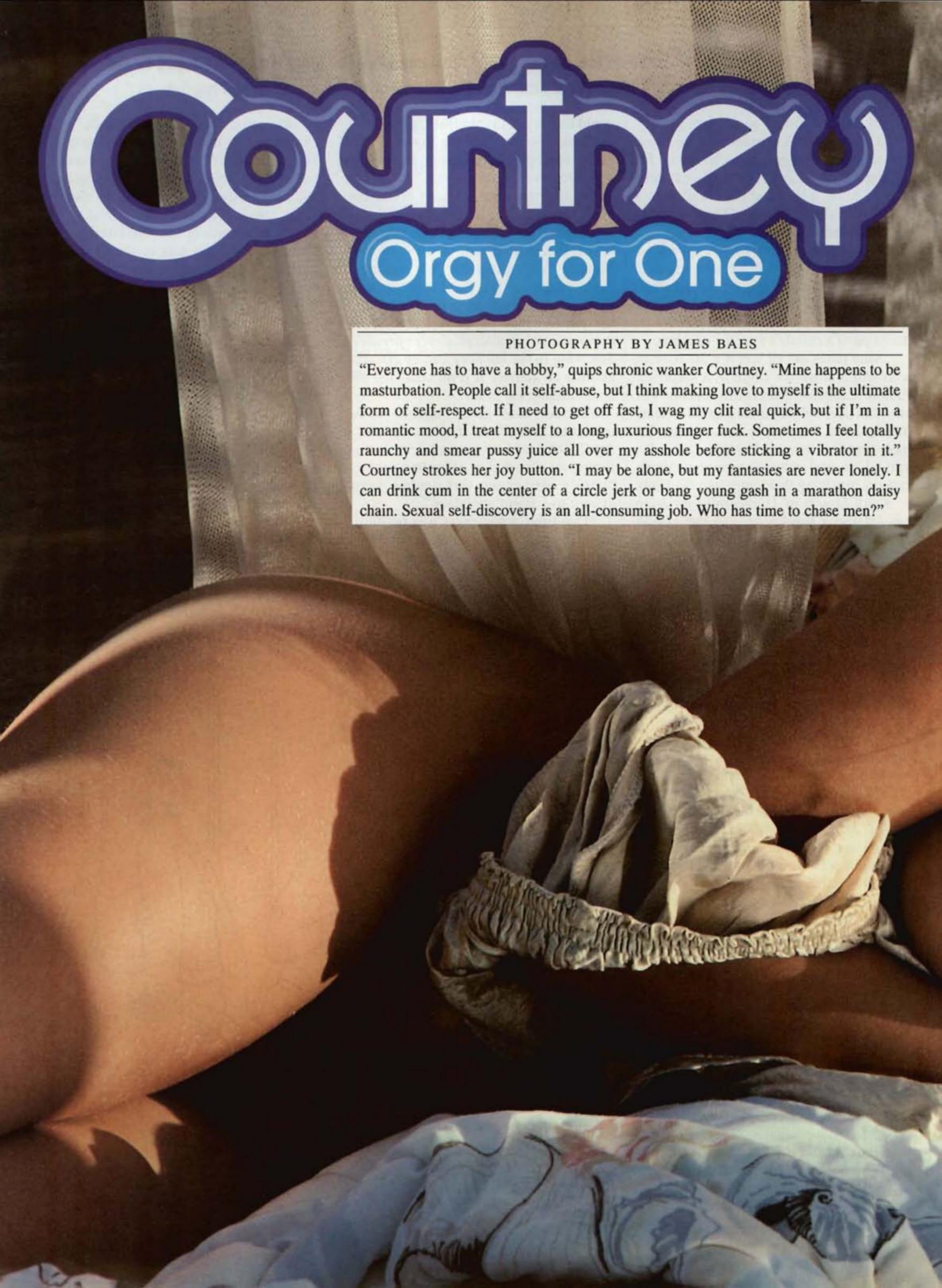
"We made a toast, then she kissed me full on the mouth. I had never kissed a girl before. She kissed me again, then grabbed my hand and yanked me into the lavatory. That was my first time on a plane or with a woman. I applied for a flight-attendant position while I was still in L.A."

Sordid tales similar to Jennifer's and Misty's can be found on the Internet. The Mile High Club Web site (www.mile-highclub.com) is dedicated to real-life stories of high-flying lust. Passengers, pilots and crew post their experiences and provide tips for successful sexual liaisons at 30,000 feet.

For more information on chartering a Mile High Club flight, call: Keith Mason, Thunderbird Aviation, 1-408-275-8500; or Pete Elmore, Precision Operations, 1-310-259-8900.



"I'd like marriage a lot better if my wife's cunt weren't so big!"

















Speed My life abruptly played like a 33 1/3 record at 78 r.p.m. I got a lot done and successfully managed to alienate a lot of good people close to me, and I did not give a rat's ass.

I struggle to wake myself from a self-induced coma. My eyelids put up a fight. I am coming up from a 48-hour hibernation, a two-day dive into oblivion, during which I arose infrequently to empty my bladder and calm the pain in my belly from lack of nutrition. Today, my brain will have no more of this retreat into unconsciousness. My mind, with its compulsions and obsessions, forces me to climb out of my "deathbed" and reacclimate myself to daily life.

I look in the mirror. I am dehydrated and emaciated, and my morning breath seems to have stripped the enamel off my teeth. I can safely say that I look and smell like shit. But I have been busy. Very busy. Too busy to bother shaving, showering, brushing my teeth, sleeping or eating. I had, by my fuzzy estimation, been awake for ten days straight before crashing for two. That's 240 hours of nonstop fun. My body is trying to bounce back. And so it goes: two days of straight sleep to make up for ten days of methamphetamine-driven fucking and fighting. Ten on and two off. I need to up my dosage. There will be time enough to sleep when I die, which at this rate could be any day now.

Methamphetamine was the brainstorm

of Adolf Hitler, who asked his scientists to develop a drug that would keep his Third Reich storm troopers fighting for days on end. In the late '60s and early '70s, the powerful stimulant became a staple for outlaw motorcycle clubs who developed a nationwide network to traffic the mind-searing powder. Jaw-grinding speed freaks will tell one another that the Hell's Angels popularized the term *crank* by hiding the product in the crankcases of their Harley-Davidson motorcycles.

Thanks largely to the tireless efforts of America's biker gangs, methamphetamine has been available on the streets consistently since the 1960s. Still, crank was a relatively obscure drug among the upper cognoscenti of substance abusers. Dope snobs didn't do meth. Until recently.

Longer lasting and less expensive than cocaine, meth sharpens the mind, allowing for incredible amounts of work to be done in short periods of time without any errors. Or, at least, with no errors visible to the meth-addled crankhead who is zipping through his job. And, although not physically addictive in the sense that tweak causes no withdrawal sickness, it is very hard for the user to give up the feeling of euphoria produced by the drug. Eventually, the meth user's mind is honed

to the sharpness of a shattered mirror.

My first taste of meth, speed, crystal, or whatever you choose to call it, came at a time in my life when things were going extremely well. My business was thriving, I had finally found the woman I thought would be with me for the rest of my life, and my body was pumped to about 225 pounds of weight-lifting terror. My initial experience with crank left me feeling like the day I lost my virginity: scared shitless and very aroused.

I make my money as a broker. Just a calling I fell into. Somebody needs something, and I ask enough people until I find somebody who has it. I take my cut and make money. Magic.

I brokered my way into car sales and, as will eventually happen with car sales, repo work. The best and easiest repo work happens at four in the morning. But it's murder staying awake, and in repo work it's murder if you doze off; so I asked a friend for something. I thought she gave me coke. I didn't think that for long. The shit was crank.

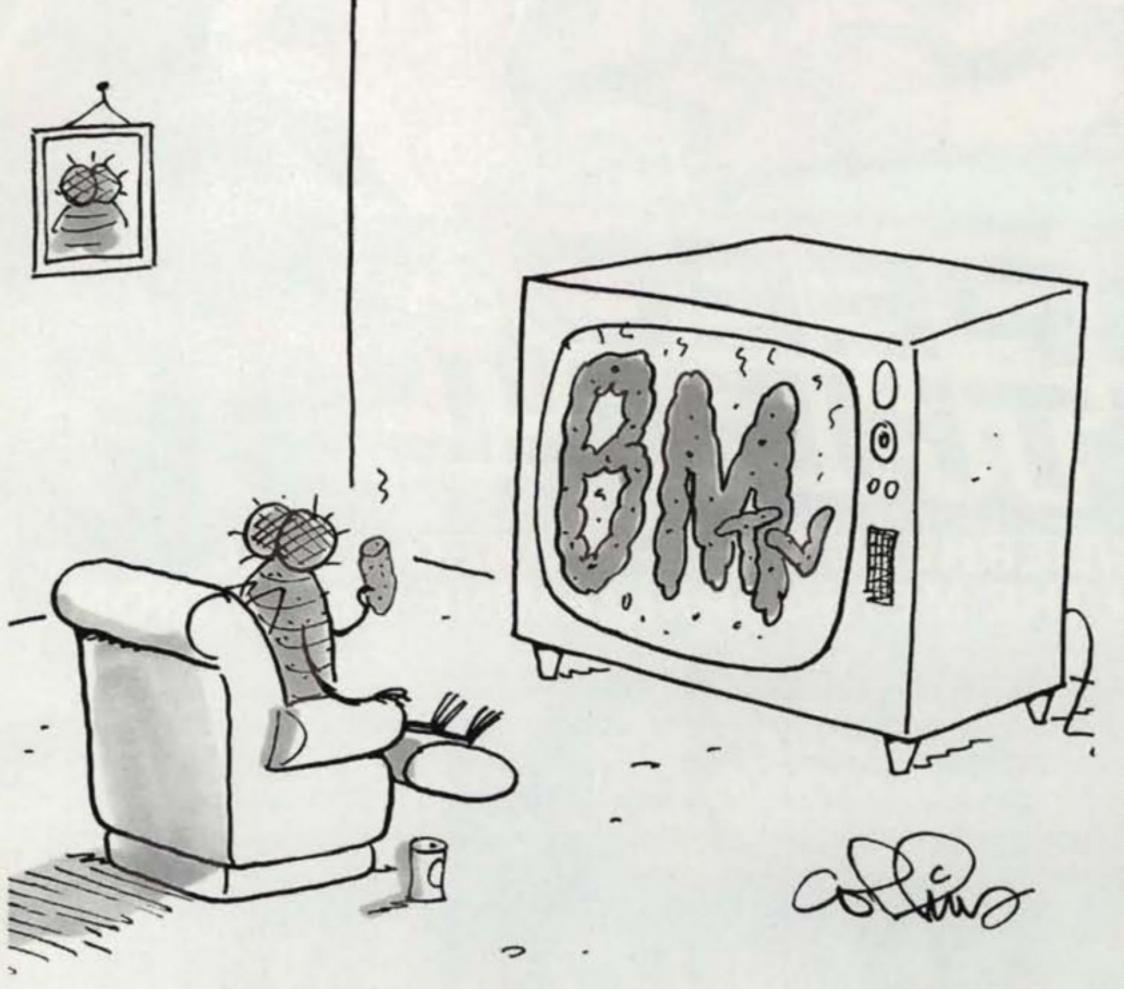
From there, I took the occasional weekend snort when I went out with friends or on dates. This intermittent dabbling slowly evolved into a daily routine. And then a nightly routine, until there was no differentiating between night and day. Morning and evening became one and the same. My illicit affair with the crystal seductress started three years ago. My life abruptly played like a 33 1/3 record at 78 r.p.m. I got a lot done and successfully managed to alienate a lot of good people close to me, and I did not give a rat's ass.

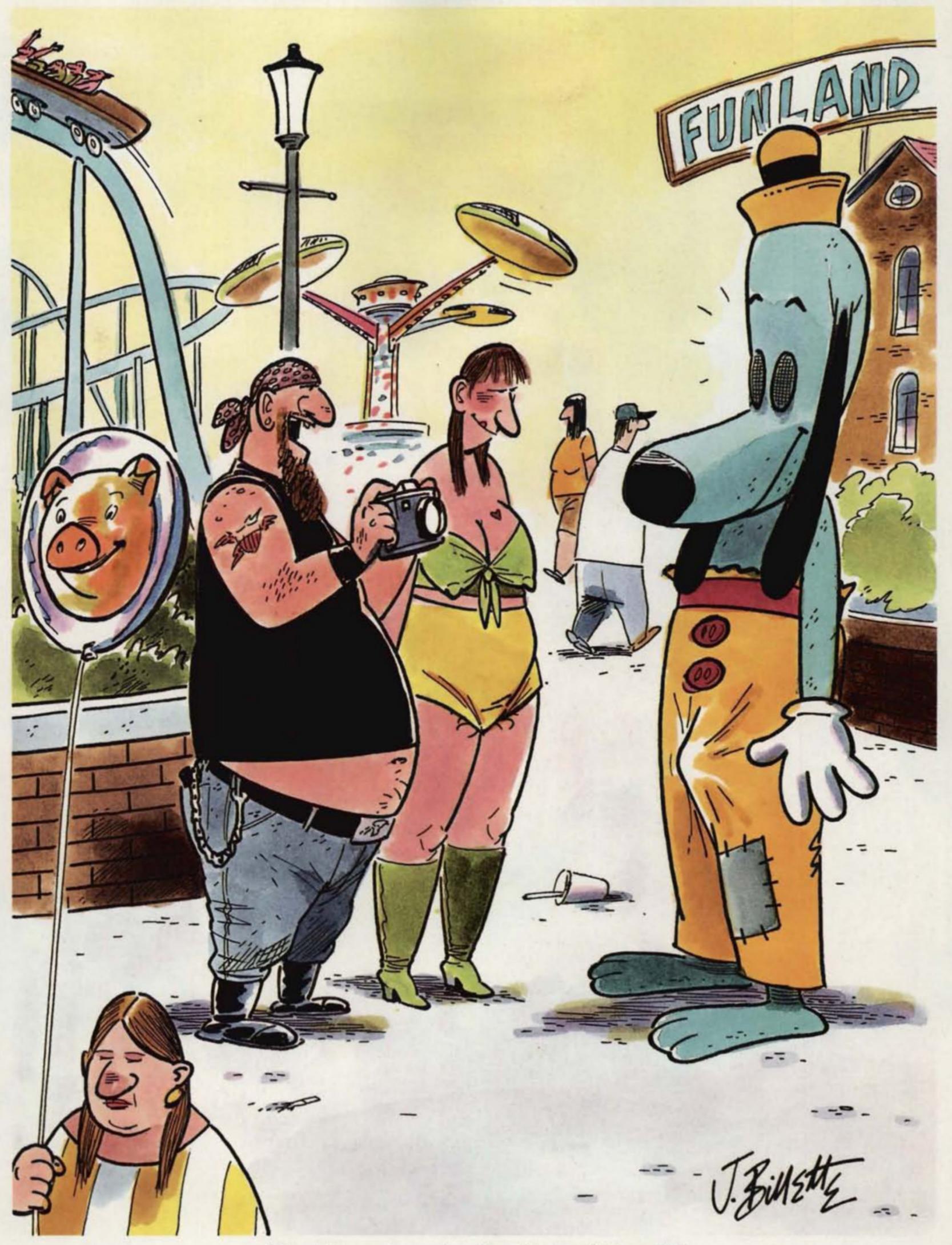
My new friends (and I did call them that) were mostly schizo-paranoid losers, some of whom, surprisingly enough, held executive positions and drove highly optioned BMWs. We partied, we worked 14 hours a day, we snorted, and we assured one another that nothing was wrong.

There is a reason to rationalize hurrying from bad to worse and ingesting a substance that is made of lye, Toluene (a paint thinner), Phenylacetone (industrial solvent) and hydrochloric acid. That rationalization is sex.

August 12, I met Jenny at a club while celebrating a friend's birthday. I noticed her. She was sneaking glances my way. Toward the end of the evening, she approached. After engaging in small talk, we wound our way to her new Mercedes convertible and headed toward my house with me at the helm.

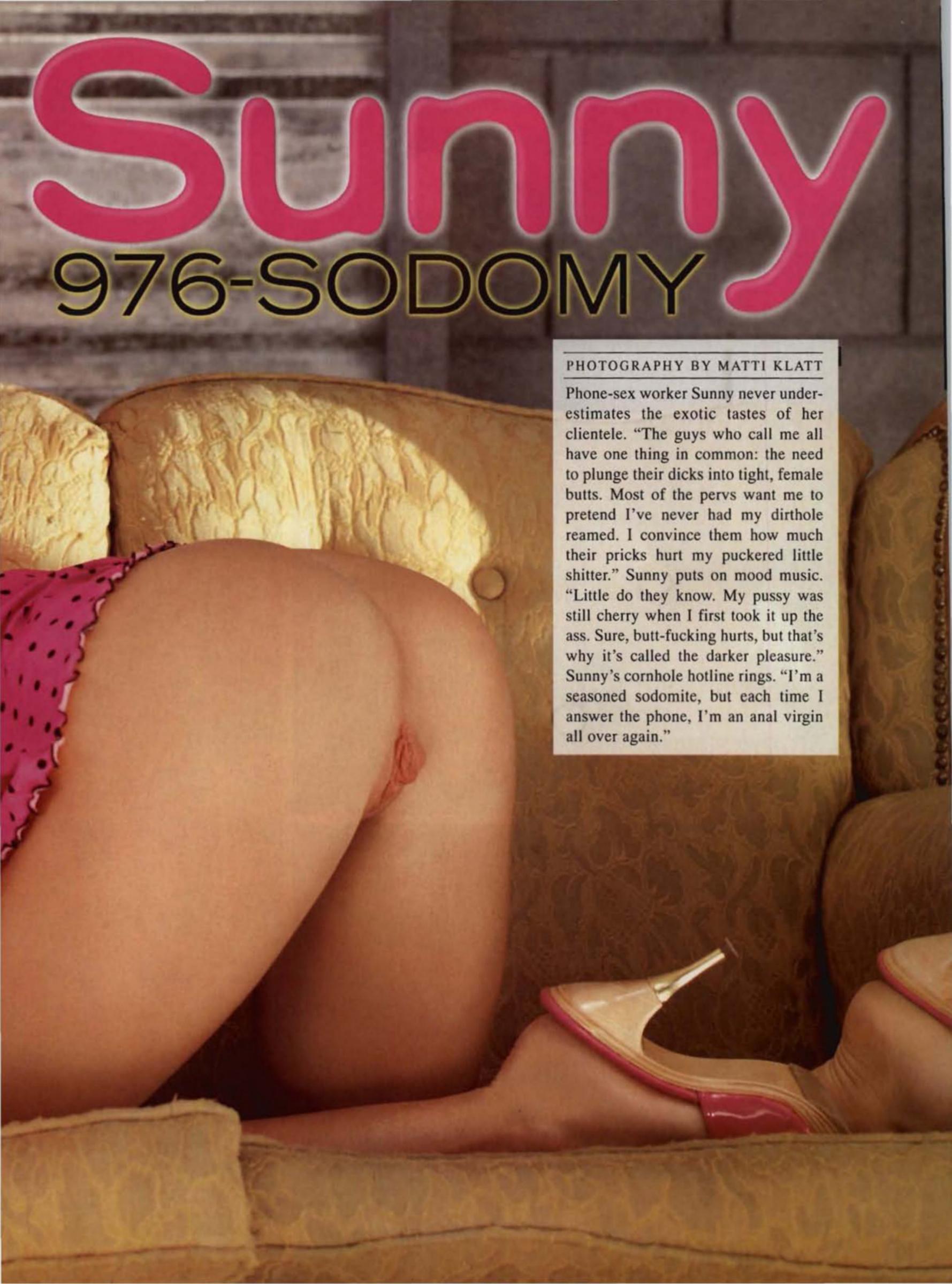
(continued on page 74)





"Hey, dude-can I get a shot of my ol' lady suckin' you off?"

















Speed Without warning, with zero hesitation, this impetuous, crank-fueled meat magician proceeded to feast on my cock, like the proverbial Somalian refugee at Thanksgiving dinner.

During the drive, I casually offered Jenny a stab at my bullet, in which I kept a supply of meth for my travels. Without hesitation, she grasped it. The girl took a couple hits like an old pro. She took two deep breaths and launched into a nonstop babblefest. She spoke about nothing and everything, all the while massaging my crotch with her left hand. I recall nothing she said, but I didn't mind her talking. The yakking gave her mouth a chance to limber up for later.

It was a long way to my house. Halfway there, I could no longer contain my desire to screw out this girl's two brain cells. We took an exit, and I found a very quiet cul-de-sac. We pulled to the curb. I was in the process of putting the car in park when I looked down. Jenny had managed to unbutton my jeans and expose my best friend, Cockles, to the warm, summer air. Without warning, with zero hesitation, this impetuous, crankfueled meat magician proceeded to feast on my cock, like the proverbial Somalian refugee at Thanksgiving dinner.

We fucked like dogs on speed for close to an hour. Her moans and occasional screams of joy permeated the night air. The evening came to a rousing finale, like the joke goes, with everybody coming. This open-air, drug-enhanced fuck was as

close to a religious experience as I had ever had, probably ever would have, and was interested in having.

But being a broker, I always owe somebody, somebody owes me, and so it goes—a plate-spinning balancing act. You keep the float going. Business is good when more people owe me than the other way around. I drew a line from this juggling principle to my crank and then straight to dealing. I went from having a dealer to being a dealer fast. I got tired of running two or three suppliers at once just so I could have all I wanted; so I became the supplier. Fuck that important rule about not dipping into the merchandise.

I sold cars for crank, crank for cars, chicks flowed me blowjobs for crank or cars, dudes flowed me cash, crank or cars. And the screeching, scathing, soul-tweaking rapture of speed sex repeated itself, night after night, chick after chick-from the 18-year-old Filipino waitress at an allnight coffee shop who worked double shifts with the help of me and my powder to the stretch-mouth, 45-year-old Silicon Valley-executive bitch who'd tell her boyfriend she was stepping out for groceries and come blow me in my car.

Anytime I was awake, I was on my way to a fuck, coming from a fuck, or in the middle of a fuck. The choice was

clear: sleeping or fucking? Like any 26year-old programmed for buy-now, paylater instant gratification, I made the obvious choice: all fucking, no sleeping.

I lay awake, day six of an eight-day jag. I found myself, strangely enough, very bored and, not so strangely, full of energy. Thumbing through a local weekly newspaper, I reread an ad for a chat line. No one would know I called. There seemed to be no danger in calling. Don't jump to conclusions; I am not a troll devoid of social skills. I have no problems meeting women. But at 1:30 a.m., when all your little speed-freak buddies have left without you in your car, few options are left to amuse one's sex self. I figured I'd gamble on a call to a chat line.

After being led through a maze of instructions, I was through the gate and into the unexplored land of chat. A few minutes passed, then it happened: She left me a message, and we hooked up for a private conversation. My greeting, describing my hard beef body and unquenchable energy had intrigued her. She wanted to know more about me.

"How do you feel about being with two women at one time?" Her voice was an oiled purr.

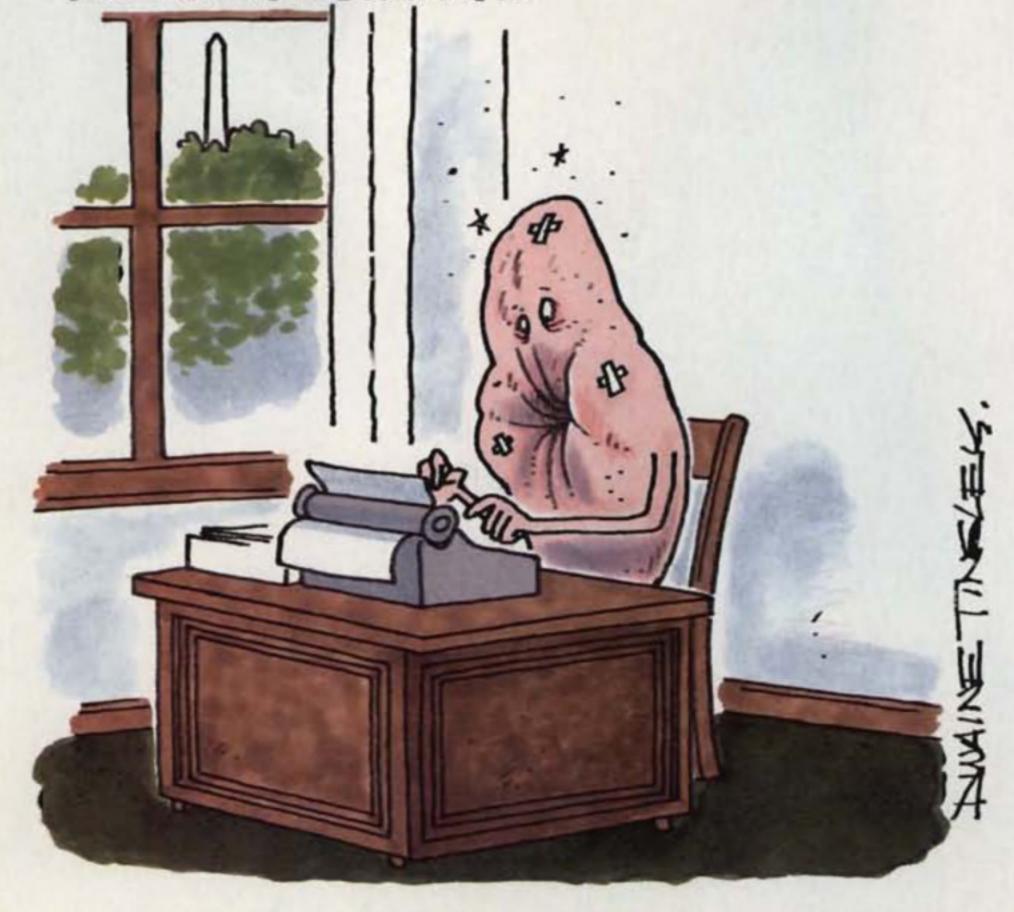
"Ask my mother about our laundry bill during my adolescence," I replied.

I got to know my mysterious caller as well as one can over the phone. She suggested we meet at a local club on Saturday. She just happened to deejay there. Saturday rolled around, and although I was very skeptical, I dragged my speedy friend Bill with me. We drove to the club and paused briefly to snort four lines apiece in the parking lot.

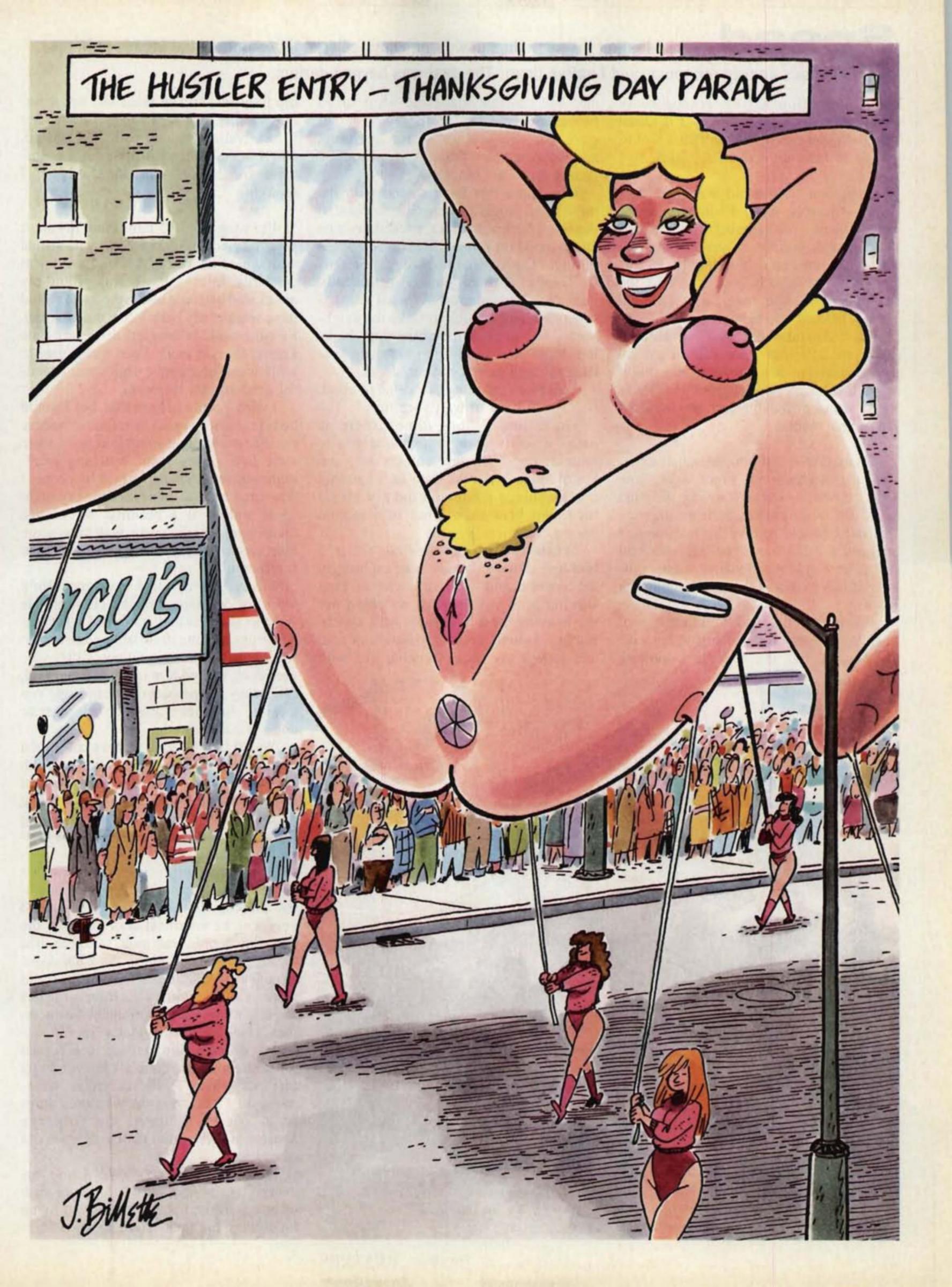
We bypassed the throng waiting to gain entry. We were on the VIP guest list. Inside, Bill and I tossed back a couple of Jager shots and sucked down a few quick beers. I set off to find the girl who called herself the Mixtress. Soon I stood face to face with a striking blonde. Unblinking, I took in her radiant, blue eyes and a set of 38Ds that were stuffed into a black-leather dress that looked like skin she'd grown. Tight. I introduced myself, and we hit it off. She was due to punch out at 4 a.m., and she wanted to meet her friend Stacy.

Two days later. Two days of fucking and sucking these broads whose last names I had no interest in learning. I struggled to comprehend what had transpired these past two days in room 412 of San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel. I had participated in a sexual Olympics of sorts-or a fucking holocaust. Under

BILL CLINTON'S ASSHOLE WRITES ITS AUTOBIOGRAPHY ...



"I was doing fine in Washington until Kenneth Starr went rectal"



Speed I was dealing the cherished powdered commodity at this point; so the broads paid me, and the broads booked the room, and I nailed them. The deal was beyond perfect.

the living influence of a supposedly inert crystalline substance, I'd done things to these two women that I would not do to farm animals. They liked it. I loved it.

Compared to the old way of doing things—flowers, movies, dinners, dancing, bullshit—methamphetamine matchmaking was perfect. I was dealing the cherished powdered commodity at this point; so the broads paid me, and the broads booked the room, and I nailed them. The deal was beyond perfect.

I started to take chances. I had whittled down to 210, but was still about 20 pounds heavier than any guy who might want to voice an opposing opinion. I was ballsy, brazen and beyond any kind of reasonable control.

I started to reach into the upper echelons of sleeplessness. Eight days, nine days, ten days. I was trawling the chat lines for horny bitches with an urgency that most people reserve for breathing. I snagged a call from a woman who said her name was Marcy. I waited for her outside of this strip motel that ran along the freeway.

She pulled up, and I couldn't fool myself that she was beautiful because she wasn't, but she was sleek-looking

and had tits that made me want to go home and beat my mother. The motel gave her the heebies. After hemming and hawing, she thought it would be fine to go to her place.

Our upper lips were coated with the meth I had brought along. She dropped to the floor, sucked my toes, sucked my nuts and jumped on Johnny. Her tits strangled through the twisted top of her T-shirt while she squatted on my persistently hard dick. It was great. When I came, I screamed loud enough to wake the neighbors. Loud enough to set the dogs barking. Loud enough to bring her dude hustling through those bedroom doors.

I said the first thing that came to mind. "You'll have to wait your turn."

Great line. Wrong time. There is never a really good time when you're knuckle-deep in some chick's ass, and her old man kicks the door in. I had that crank courage going and did not give a fuck. We beat each other into mutual unconsciousness.

When I woke from the first "sleep" I had had in days, Marcy was sobbing in the corner, and her stud was making snoring noises. I dressed, watching her tits heaving the whole time. Still watching her, I stood over the passed-out stud and jerked my dick, freezing her with

the total insanity of what she saw coming: mainly, my dick sauce all over her Prince Valiant's face, which is, indeed, where it ended up. Surprise for me, surprise for him. What's fair is fair, I thought.

I'm weighing 165 now. I quit my quest for total sleeplessness when I was visited with what they call in AA land a moment of clarity. In my case, it was getting my ass kicked by some brittle guy who would have washed my balls a few years earlier. I wish I could tell myself that every time I chose to snort meth, I was transported to a mythical land where orgies and beautiful women were the norm.

I wish I could believe that, but I would be lying, and I would be a fool to believe me. For every night spent in ecstasy, there were two nights spent watching mind-numbing activities performed by people I despaired to call friends. For every night spent staring at a beautiful set of tits, there was a night spent watching some idiot clean his carpet using his thumb and forefinger.

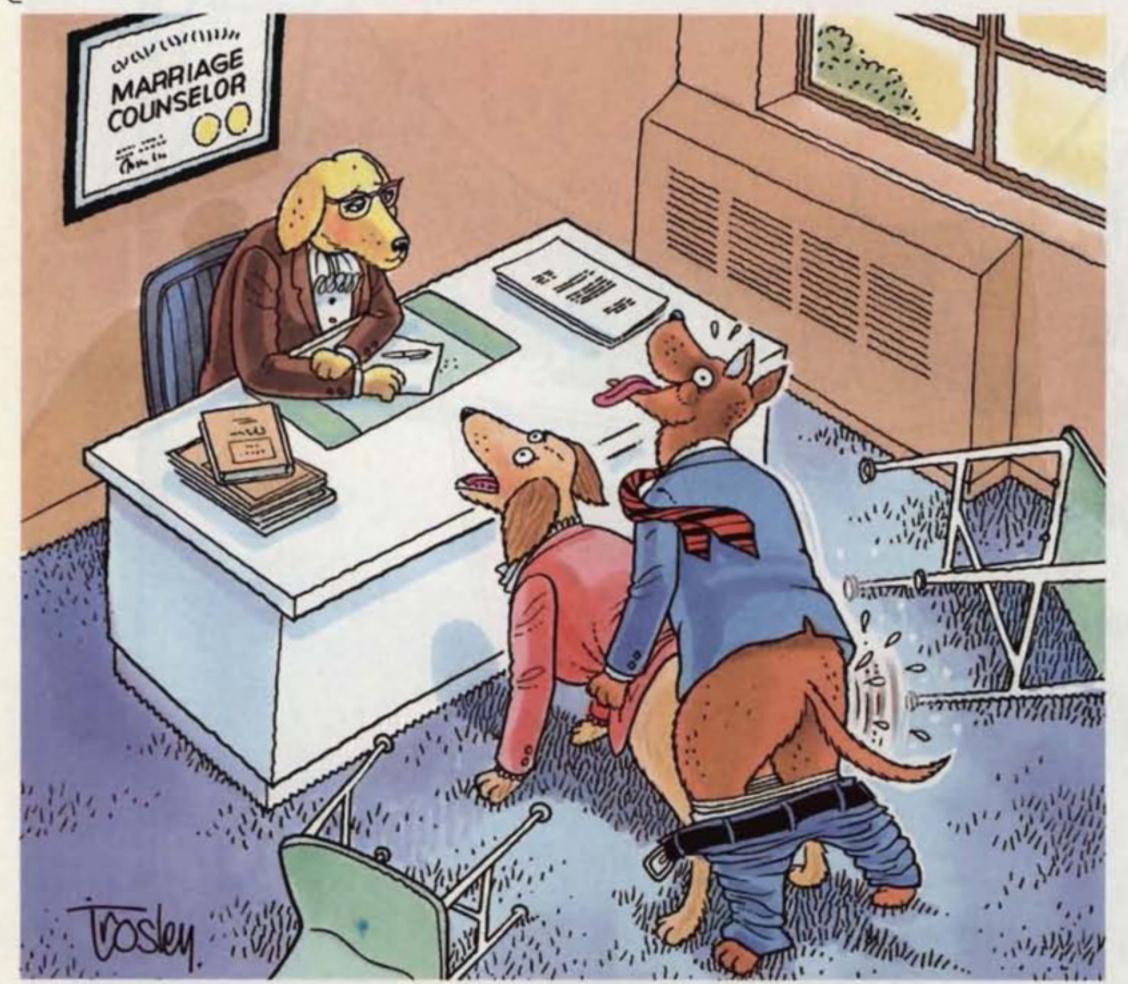
I knew this high-tech geek once. He'd work for 36 hours straight. No prob. He went to his boss and confessed what was becoming an uncomfortable addiction to Mr. Meth. His boss, a Silicon Valley vice president, looked him in the eye and said, "If money is a problem, we can angle you a raise." In other words, the job must be done, wired or tired.

We all like to think that we can spot a drug user when we come in contact with him or her. We have this preconceived notion of some skeezed-out skunk living on the streets in tattered clothes, begging for money. Well, folks, I am here to shatter that image.

The meth-snorting people I know are no different from your next-door neighbor the cop. For all I know, they could very well be your next-door neighbor the cop. The people who stole from me, lied to me and stabbed me in the back drove around in 40,000-dollar convertibles and wore Armani suits. The loser druggies were, and still are, prominent businessmen, teachers, doctors and so on.

For every junkie you see in a Texaco toilet shooting up, there's a lawyer doing the same thing in the executive washroom. Just like everyone who uses drugs on a consistent basis, the corporate abusers at some point realize they are out of control.

Do I give a shit now? Will I stop forever? I don't know. Will I forget the rush of being awake for two weeks and living on nothing but fuck? Hell, no.



"See what I mean? In front of the supermarket, the ball field, church parking lot...it's embarrassing."

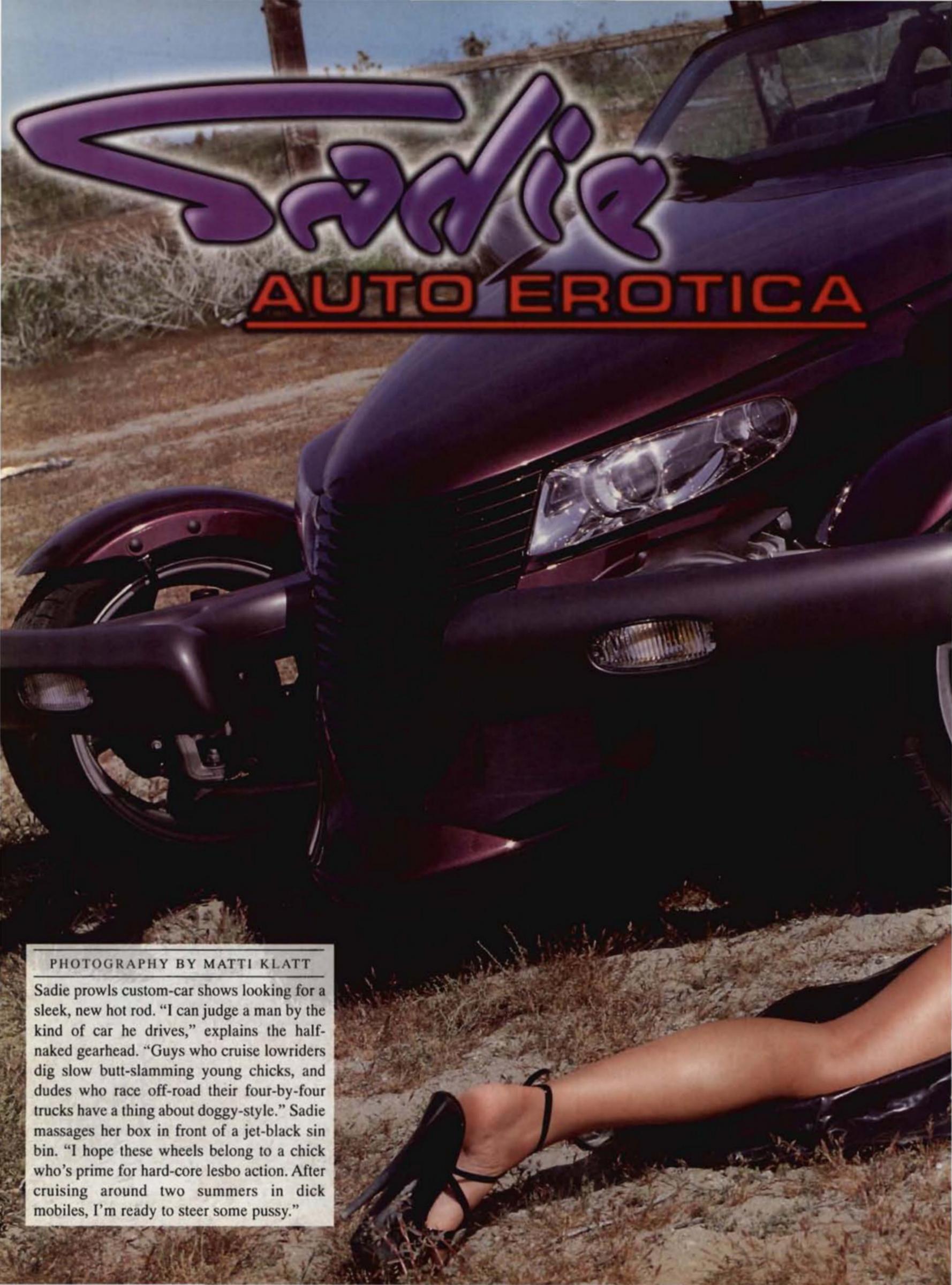
QUIT SMOKING

Get a Blowjob

u.s. General Law 1211211



"It's good to see the government finally attacking the tobacco industry with some practical antismoking initiatives!"



























Little Red Riding Hood was skipping through the forest when she saw the Big Bad Wolf crouched behind a log.

"My, what big eyes you have!" Red cried.

The wolf leapt from his hiding place and disappeared into the brush.

Little Red Riding Hood continued on her journey. A few yards down the trail, she spotted the wolf lurking behind a tree stump.

"What big ears you have, Mr. Wolf," Little Red exclaimed. Again, the wolf tore off through the trees.

A mile later, Little Red Riding Hood spied the wolf taking shelter behind a boulder.

"My, Mr. Wolf, what sharp teeth you have!"

The wolf jumped up and screamed, "Will you fuck off, bitch! I'm trying to take a shit!"

Question: What has four legs and smells like fish?
Answer: President Clinton's desk.

One drunken summer night in Arkansas, Zed convinced Kyle to indulge in a perverse sex act. The next morning, Kyle said, "Zed, I reckon hog fucking just isn't for me."

"No wonder," Zed snorted. "You picked the ugliest one!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines making love as: what a woman does while a guy is fucking her.

Frank walked into a gin mill, downed a shot of whiskey and bellowed, "All you guys on this side of the bar are a bunch of cocksuckers. Anybody got a problem with that?"

A stunned silence descended on the tavern. Frank chugged another shot. "All you guys on the other side are a bunch of motherfuckers!"

A lone patron rose from his stool and crept slowly past Frank.

"You got a problem, buddy?" Frank snarled.

"Oh, no," the man replied. "I'm just on the wrong side of the bar."

Three gay men died and were going to be cremated. Their bereaved lovers stood in the funeral home discussing what they planned to do with the ashes.

The first mourner said, "Benny loved to fly; so I'm going up in a plane and will scatter his ashes in the sky."

"Fred loved to fish," the second revealed. "I'll scatter his ashes in our favorite lake."

The third man added, "Jim was such a good lover. I think I'll dump his ashes into a pot of chili so he can tear up my ass just one more time."

Question: Why did the Polack marry his dog?
Answer: Because he had to.

Jose and Pepe noticed a sign at the local gas station: ENTER OUR CONTEST: WIN FREE SEX! Intrigued, they asked the attendant for details.

"I'm thinking of a number between one and ten," the gas jockey explained. "Guess what it is."

"Five!" Jose blurted out.

"Seven!" Pepe interjected.

"Sorry. The number was three."

As the Mexicans left the station, Pepe fumed, "Jose, I think that game is fixed."

"No, man, it's for real," Jose replied. "My wife won twice last week."

The day after Mel lost his wife in a scuba-diving accident, a grim-faced detective arrived at his door.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, it's about your wife."

"Bad news?" Mel ventured timidly.

"Actually, I have bad news, good news and some great news. Which would you like first?"

Fearing the worst, Mel said, "Give me the bad news."

"We found Mrs. Jones's body in San Francisco Bay this morning," the cop revealed.

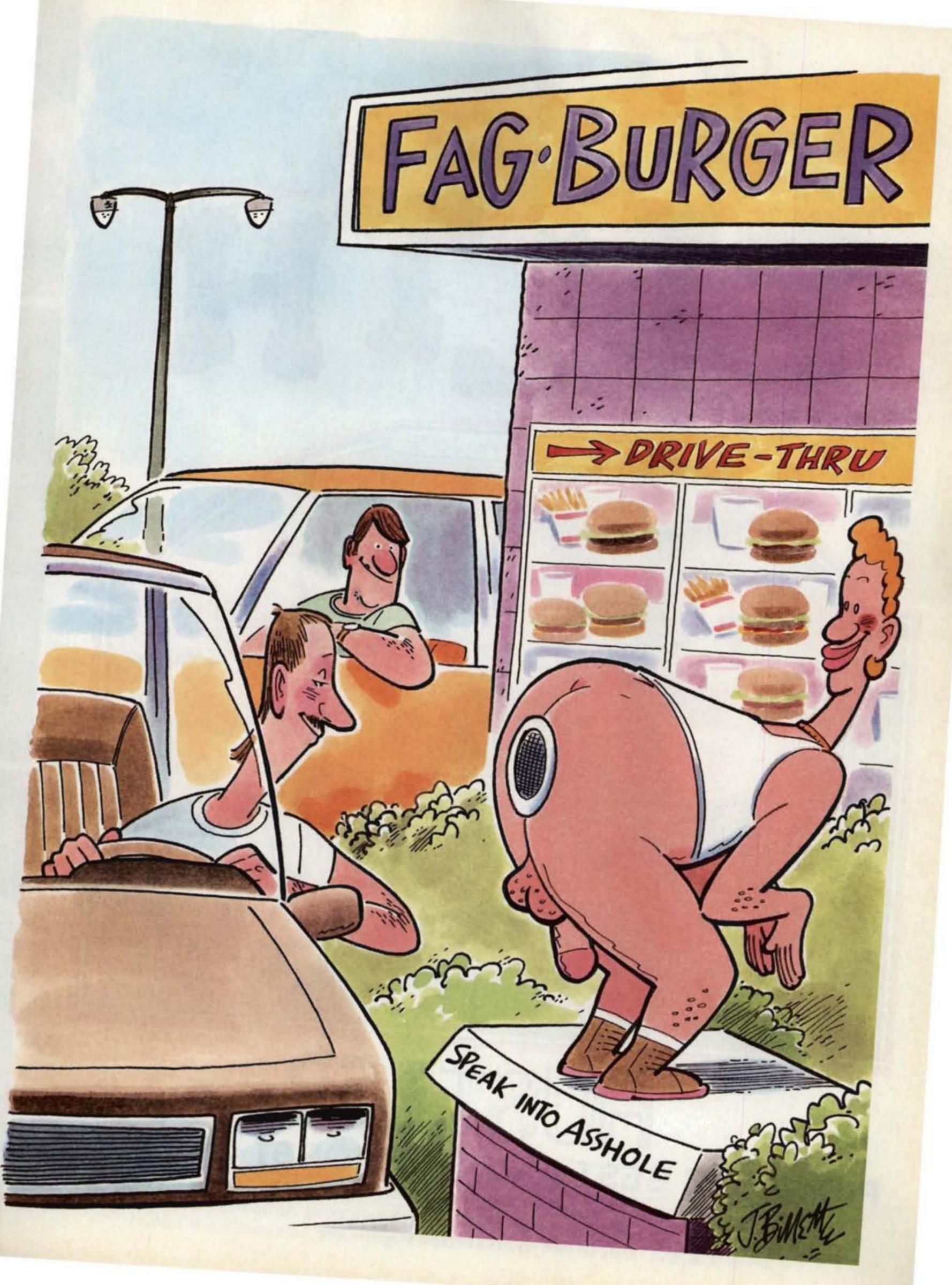
"My God!" the anguished widower cried. "What could possibly be the good news?"

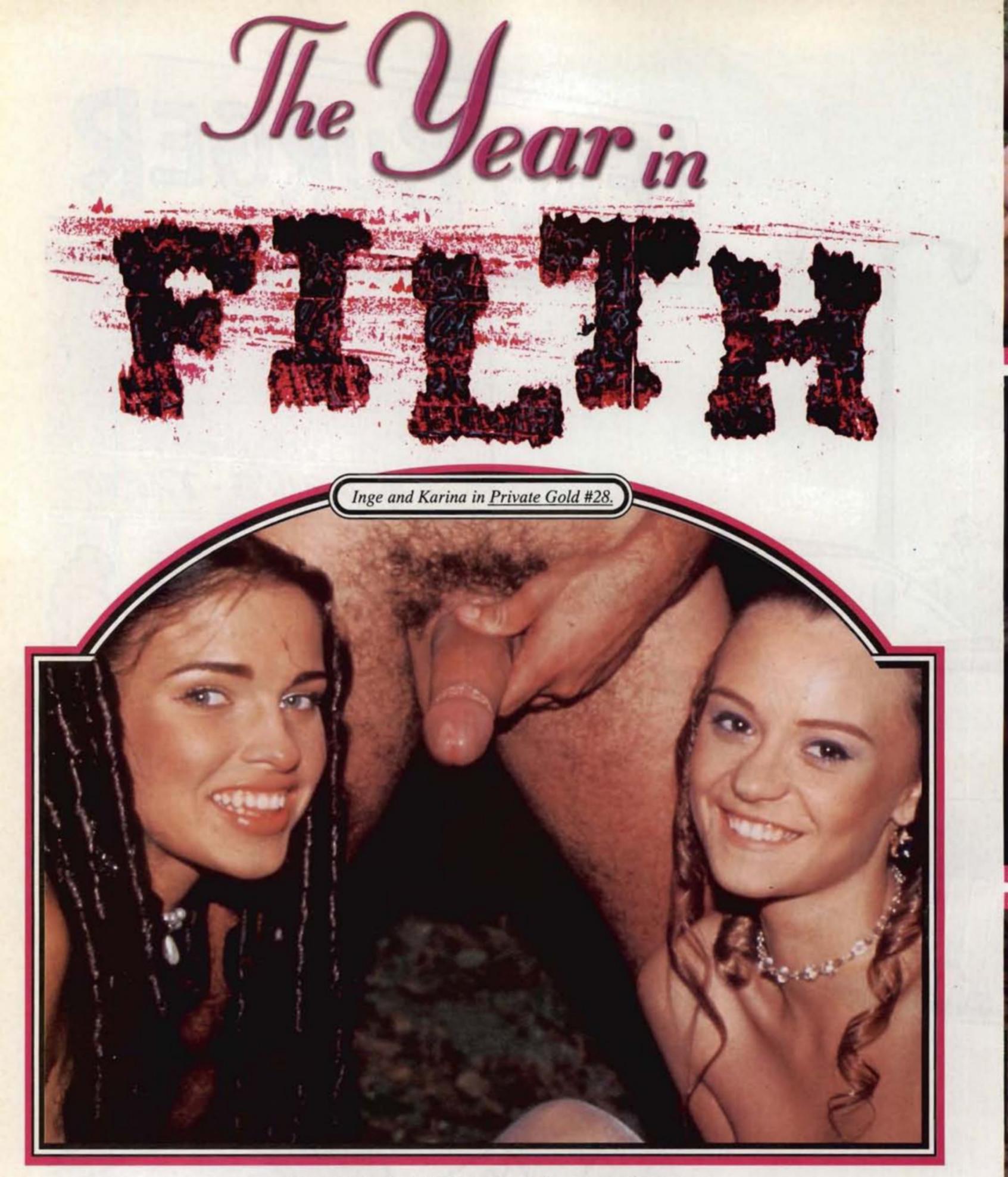
"When we retrieved her body, two five-pound lobsters and a dozen good-size Dungeness crabs were attached to her," the policeman enthused.

"So, what's the great news?" Mel asked cautiously.

"We're pulling her up again tomorrow morning!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Or E-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.





HUSTLER

PICKS THE BEST AND THE WORST OF 1998

ANNUAL RAUNCH REVIEW BY MACK ASSARIAN

America was awash in blue movies this past year. Which were among the finest and the most awful? What XXX trends did 1998 reveal? America's Magazine looks back at the year in scum.

















- 1. HUSTLER Presents: The World's Luckiest Man.
- 2. A geyser from Oh My Gush.
- 3. Wildcat from In the Mouth of Babes.
- 4. Jasmin St. Claire from Blow It Out Your Ass.
- 5. Sabrina Johnson from Planet of the Gapes.
- 6. Mila's mangled butt blossom in Violation of Chandler.
- 7. Milking Angela in Buda.
- 8. Tiana riding high in Butt Row Outcasts.
- 9. Ruby in Rag Time Red.
- 10. Carlie and Raylene in Skin XI: Unbound.
- 11. Randi Rage in Thrust Fault.







Review Spunk is fired into sphincters and pouty-faced yips, then licked off the floor; yet the perversity is remarkably cruelty-free. Silvera makes depravity look fun and wholesome.

1998 was the most prolific year in the history of XXX video. More than 8,000 adult titles drenched the market. The year's hefty production of raunch vids leads to some alarming figures. Approximately 48,000 cum-shots blasted the faces, necks and titties of the world's obscene-screen starlets, a total amount of spuzz that equaled about 126 gallons. Some of this jizz may have been poison: Five adult performers tested positive for HIV, the largest known outbreak in the straight-XXX video biz.

Jackoff consumers continued to be soaked by thousands of shoddy products flooding adult-video emporiums. Triple-X con artists churned out a cornucopia of fake "first-timer" vids, grandiose, big-budget bores and skank-infested atrocities to the eye.

How does the average porn dabbler spot erotic gems amid the mountain of XXX trash? HUSTLER bestows its highest honor, the Fully Erect rating, on the most outstanding smut efforts of the year. The 17 top-rated videos of 1998 may not appeal to every one-handed critic, but they represent the best attempts of the world's filth mongers to deliver honest, top-notch sleaze.

FULLY ERECT FOR 1998

Aim to Thrill (reviewed July 1998) vin-

dicates VCA's sausage-factory approach to manufacturing filth. The VCA flesh mills churn out their share of turds, but Aim to Thrill scores big with high-intensity hotties Solveigh, Kiki and Cinderella caught in a variety of rectally compromising positions. Mulatto masterpiece Solveigh earns top-bitch billing as she slays invading stiffies with her sticky, bruise-colored snizz flaps and her explosive booty. Aim to Thrill drills the pink bull's-eye.

Blow Dry (reviewed April 1998) is a surprise Paul Thomas film. Shorn of the lame dialogue and plotting known to gum up other Thomas efforts, Blow Dry delivers industrial-strength anal sex against beautifully rendered, shot-on-film backdrops. Is there such a thing as a good half-fag adult feature? Thomas followed Blow Dry with The Zone (reviewed September 1998), a supposedly straight-XXX film that included man-to-man oral sex and garnered a Totally Limp rating. Blow Dry demonstrates that when Thomas keeps his gay directorial impulses in the closet, he is capable of fine work.

Butt Row Eurostyle (reviewed April 1998) exemplifies the virtues of beautiful women who have no concept of the word no. In the hands of cocksman-cum-director Joey Silvera, such tight-bodied

lovelies are molded into human sperm siphons. Butt Row Eurostyle is a shit-pipe-intense entertainment. Sean Michaels, the pride of African America, wields a telephone pole between his legs and demonstrates his incredible talent for plunging it high up the sphincters of hot white bitches without splitting them in two.

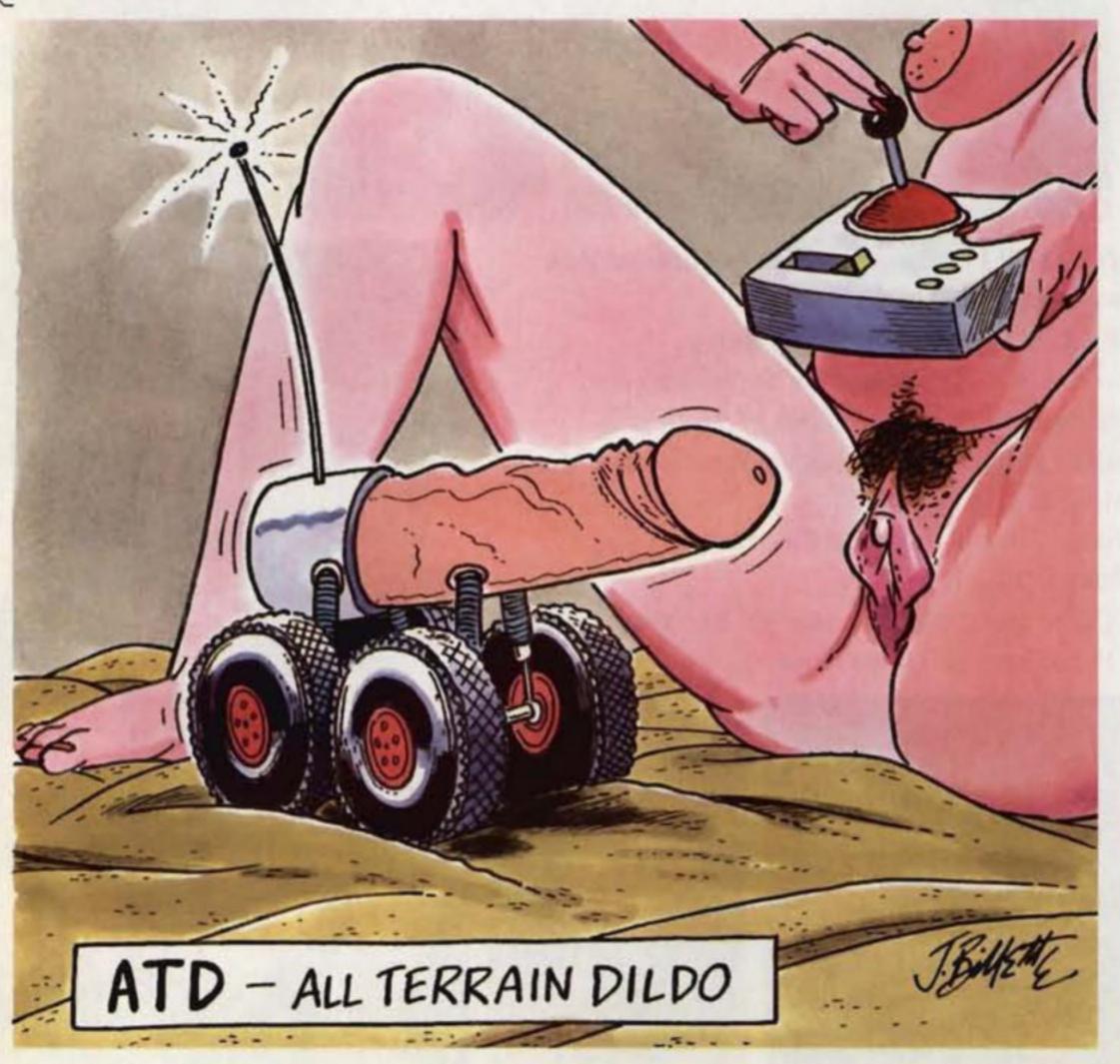
Butt Row Outcasts (reviewed August 1998) confirms Joey Silvera's title as the new U.S. monarch of gonzo video. Key ingredient to Silvera's formula is fresh, top-notch nookie. Slant-eyed sluts compete with round-eyed she-devils to deliver the most ball-churning performances. Spunk is fired into sphincters and poutyfaced yips, then licked off the floor; yet the perversity is remarkably cruelty-free. Silvera makes depravity look fun and wholesome.

Cafe Flesh 2 (reviewed May 1998) revisits the wad-drenched territory of the most notorious XXX-cult film of the '80s. Jeanna Fine, Rebecca Lord and Raylene lead the cast of irradiated sex deviants into a dystopic future of anal perversion and high-gloss scum-shots. Lord is violated by mimes; Raylene is penetrated by a stylized bull; and Fine huffs through a thicket of dicks, blowing every man over with hurricane lips.

Ben Dover's Crack Attack (reviewed October 1998) specializes in popping open sweet-faced, British harlots who have the shy, nervous demeanors of firsttime virgins. Crystal-bell voices quaver as Dover and his creepy sidekicks engage the cutie-pie trollops in forced-cheerful banter prior to shoving dicks into the English muffins. In addition to sodomy, double-penetration and the odd gangbang, Dover shows off the latest trick in his repertoire. He punctuates Lucy's onscreen degradation by wadding up her soiled panties and fingering them into her sperm-dribbling slit. Beneath his insipid grin, Dover is a truly sick fuck.

Klimaxx (reviewed April 1998) marks a high in Kris Kramski's uneven directing career. At his best, Kramski combines the stylish flair of a fashion photographer with the twisted vision of a full-blown sex freak. Klimaxx was shot on film in seedy industrial wastelands across Europe and features a beautiful and helpless European hole, immobilized in full-length leg casts, being butt-fucked in a hospital bed. Toilet-trained blondes ream in a filthy public urinal, and an interracial group commits a rousing sex romp. Fresh, stunning European lovelies Angela Ambrus, Heidi Kovacks and Marcella Reeves make Klimaxx one of the best films of the year.

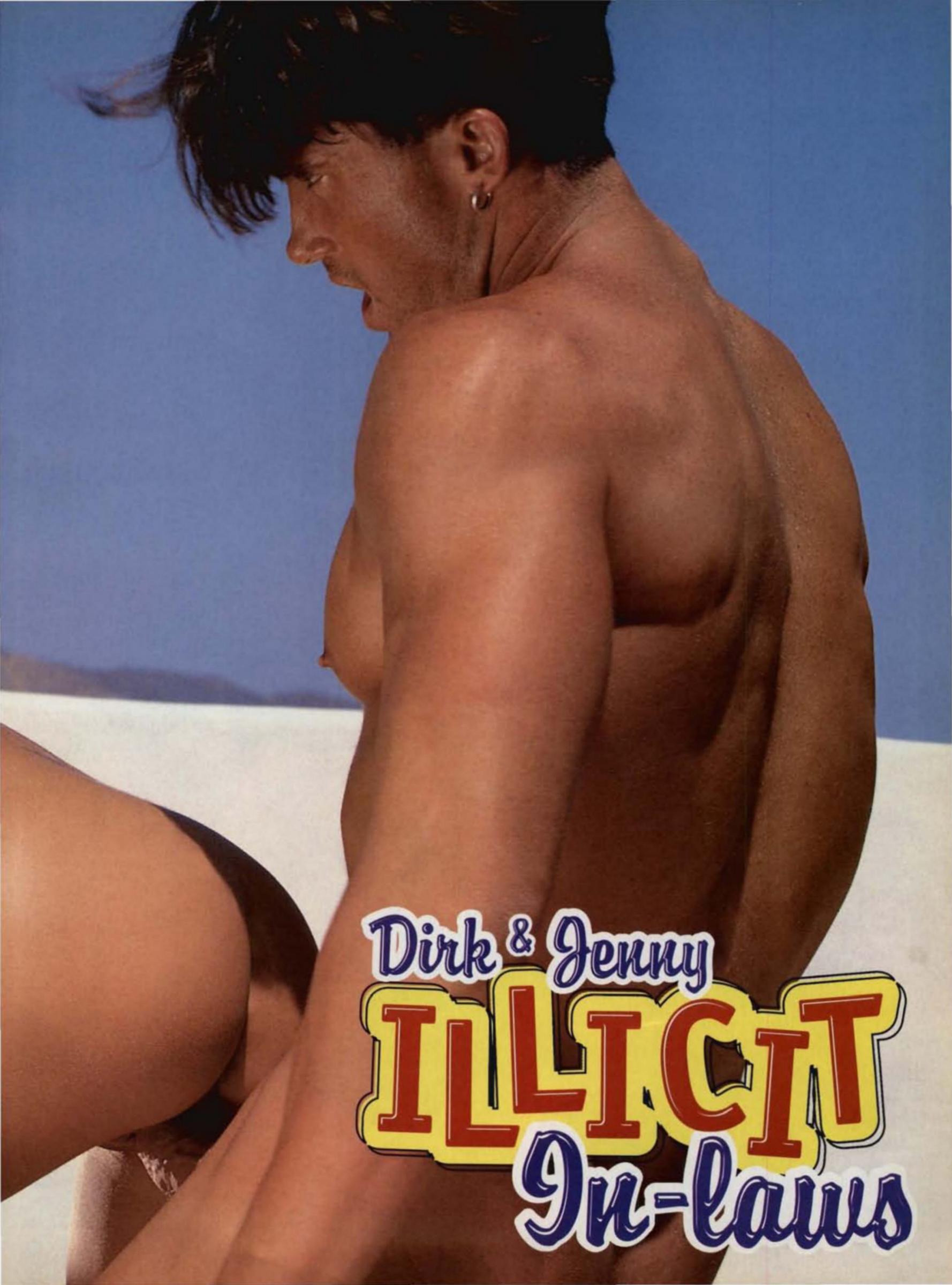
(continued on page 102)





"Your motivation? I give you lots of money, and you let these guys fuck you six ways to Sunday."

















Review These Euro bitches represent a master race of porn squack poised to conquer the

U.S. Resistance is futile. Squeeze tight; they want your spunk.

LA. Lust (reviewed January 1998) proves that there is another woman in triple X, aside from Bionca, who is capable of helming filthy, wad-boiling hardcore. Director and former professional slut Veronica Hart achieves high levels of depravity with a story-oriented production shot in a gonzo style. Highlights include French slattern Liza Harper's bathroom blowjob, Mr. Marcus's jumbo, brown wang plundering blond snatch in the back of a taxi and Nyrobi Knight's grueling gang-bang.

HUSTLER Letters Volume (reviewed November 1998) utilizes stateof-the-art flesh dolls to blow new life into HUSTLER's world-famous Hot Letters. For more than two decades, lewd and crude Hot Letters have simultaneously stimulated and repulsed HUSTLER readers. Each scene is culled from an actual missive and is a faithful hard-core reenactment. Swinging neighbors, cheating wives, nympho girlfriends and Valentine's Day perverts are each given their moment in the spotlight of XXX infamy.

Maximum Anal Xcursions Volume 19 (reviewed August 1998) was made by a madman. Max Hardcore basks in his sexpsycho image, plunging medical instruments into hootchie muffs and widening their clenching ass raisins into gaping pits while peppering them with good-natured verbal abuse. Hardcore's videos are XXX comedies, but squeamish critics shrink from giving him the credit he is due. Someday, Max Hardcore will probably be in hell; he can now go forth and burn proudly, having won HUSTLER's highest critical honor.

Operation: Sex Siege (reviewed June 1998) is the rare hybridization of the action-movie and fuck-flick genres that actually succeeds. One part James Bond, one part Jackie Chan and 100% hardcore, Operation: Sex Siege overwhelms with a plenitude of sleek, full-bodied, cocksucking, butt-fucking, karate-chopping poontangs of European extraction. Plotted hump vids usually fizzle, but Operation: Sex Siege is the bomb.

Skin XI: Unbound (reviewed March 1998) is the only fetish video of 1998 to achieve top honors. Director Toshi Gold overcame the shoddy, pretentious reputation that dogs the S&M genre to create a latex-wrapped masterpiece of degenerate sleaze. A penitent vixen crawls around on the floor with Ping-Pong balls shoved up her ass; chicks in canine collars and blindfolds are sodomized unmercifully; and Russian fuck goddess Nikita plays a lesbian slave master. The previous iterations of the Skin series had been European productions. Skin XI: Unbound was the first U.S.-based effort, and it defied expectations by proving superior to its Continental predecessors.

Tatiana 3 (reviewed October 1998) heralds the ascendency of European gash. Amazingly, Tatiana 3, one of the best productions of the year, falls into the most detested category of adult film: costume drama. Long legs, all-natural creamers and model-perfect asses triumph over the silly-ass costumes. European fuck goddesses submit to hellacious atrocities of filth with unnerving cool and aplomb. These Euro bitches represent a master race of porn squack poised to conquer the U.S. Resistance is futile. Squeeze tight; they want your spunk.

HUSTLER Presents: The World's Luckiest Man (reviewed May 1998) pits John Dough's rod against 101 of porndom's hottest slices. The World's Luckiest Man kicks off HUSTLER Founder and Publisher Larry Flynt's adult-video venture, which aims to bring the most outrageous, explicit and high-quality vids possible to the American porn viewer. The World's Luckiest Man is the hard-core realization of the ultimate male fantasy. Dough plows through the sultan-size harem of ginches with the endurance of an assembly-line drill press. Never before has one man packed so much pussy in the history of adult cinema.

Cape Sin, Japanese Sex Tours and Ben Dover's Kinky Butt Freaks are reviewed in this issue.

THE WORST OF 1998

When a grisly bear emerges from hibernation, his colon bulges with a full season's worth of toxic excrement. It can take days for the grisly bear to pass this ham-size stool. The gargantuan crap is the biggest pile of shit the grisly makes all year—the king of all animal shits. Zoologists call the grisly bear's fecal masterpiece a tappen.

The adult-entertainment world has its equivalent. Of the thousands of XXX videos pinched out, the tappen of porn is the one production that looks and feels as if it's been heaved from the collective bowels of the entire filth industry.

More than a dozen videos earned Totally Limp infamy in 1998. Hundreds more qualified, but went unreviewed. Which triple-X helmsman was responsible for 1998's biggest piece of shit? Bud Lee is a lowball contender for consistency. Every one of his Deep Throat the Quest videos proved worthy of a Totally

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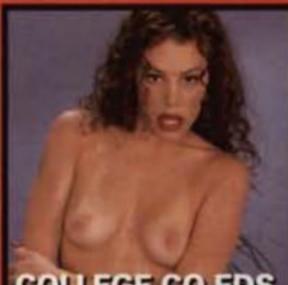
"I hate to spoil your fun, but that's not my clit. It's a hemorrhoid."





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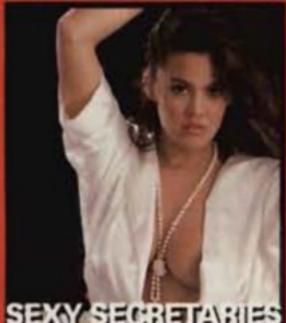


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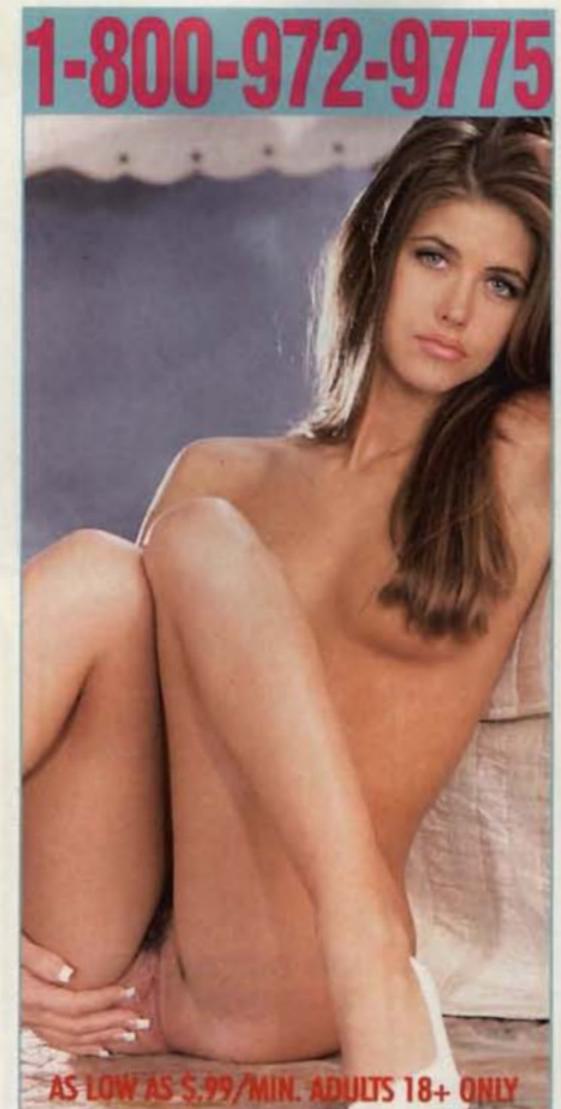
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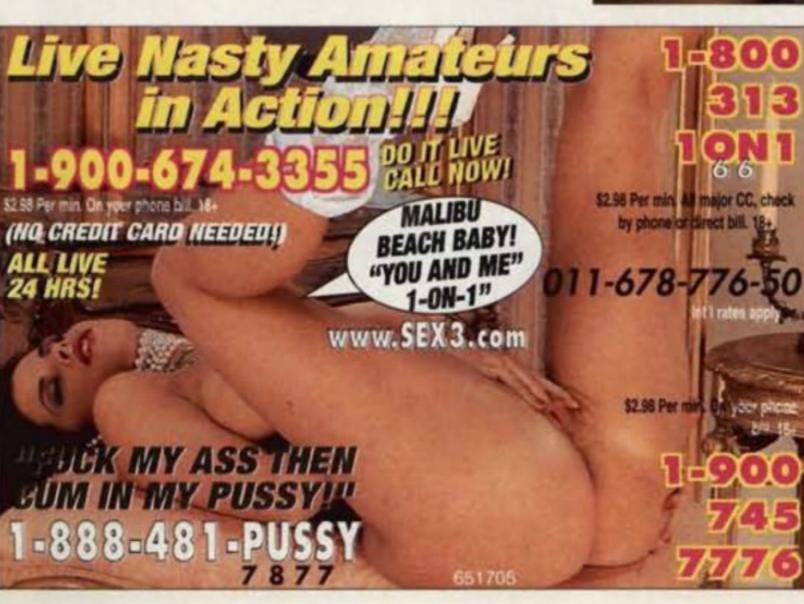
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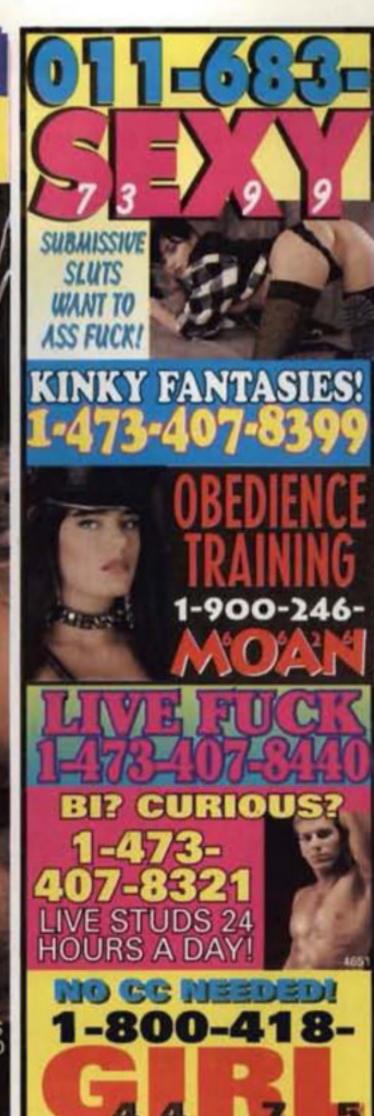








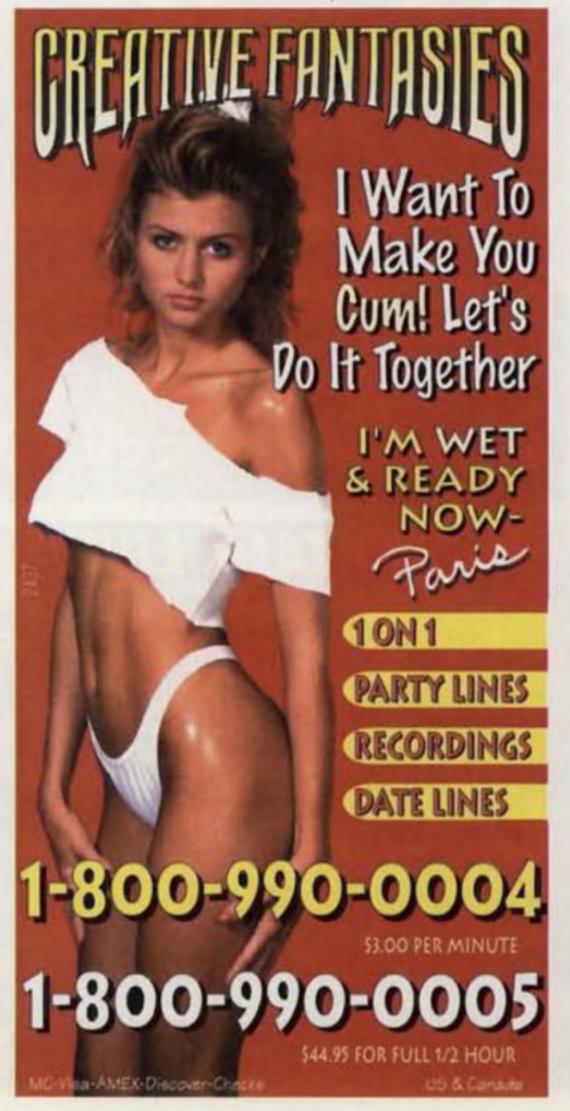






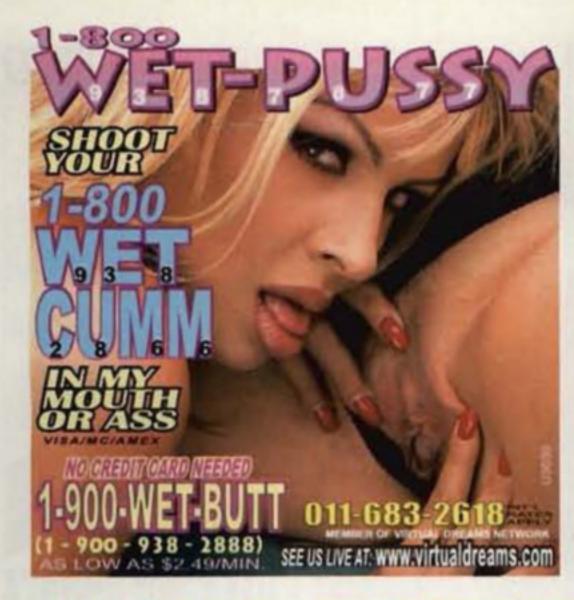
















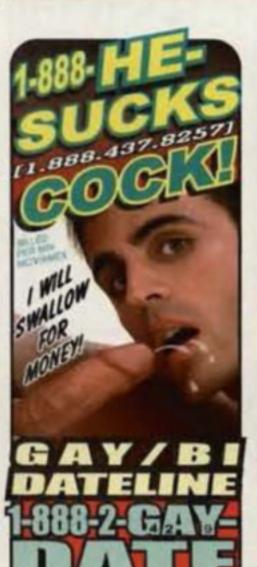


























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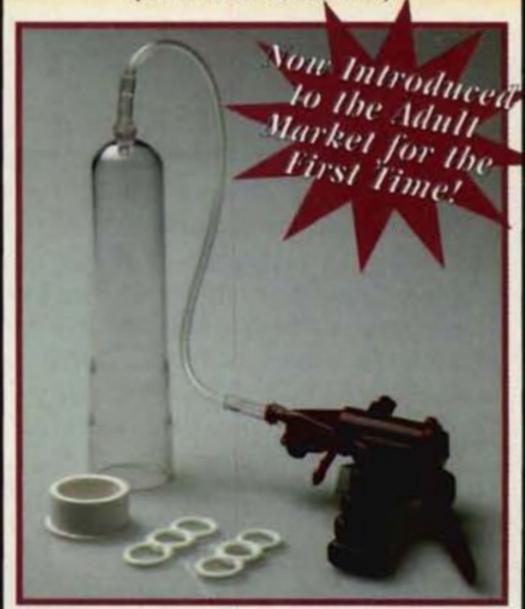






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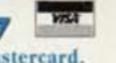
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Review The essence of porn lies in the quality of gash presented. Most porn stars have a life expectancy about that of unrefrigerated lunch meat. Careers turn rancid overnight.

Limp. Misty Rain deserves dishonorable mention for Misty Cam's Birthday Party, an orgy of boozy, bloated skanks, each huffing chud with all the sex appeal of a jonesing crack whore on her 20th patron of the night.

One director crouches head-andshoulders below the rest of the worst. Cash Markman entered 1998 having crapped one of the dumbest videos of the previous year, Swinging in the Rain, a triple-X tap-dance musical. In 1998, Markman's Nurse Shanna and X-Treme Sadie (both garnered Totally Limp ratings) proved that the imbecility of Markman's earlier clinkers is no fluke.

With the release of the World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang, Markman made the biggest piece of shit of 1998. The World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang looks as if it were masterminded by a mental retard who employed a dropout from an institute for the blind as a cameraman. Spastic editing renders the awfulness of the production in jerky, off-kilter glimpses. Gay shots of sweaty male torsos predominate. Improper color balance shows the skin of all the performers sickly and gray, as if in early stages of gangrene. Brooke Ashley, the star of the World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang, alleges that she was infected with HIV during the making of this production.

Cash Markman can be proud. His World's Biggest Anal Gang Bang was far and beyond the heftiest XXX turd of 1998, making Cash a strong candidate to go down as one of the shittiest directors in the history of adult film.

OLD SCUMBAGS AND NEW BLOOD: XXX TRENDS OF 1998

Expect more scumbags. Since the outbreak of HIV, corporate video manufacturers, such as VCA, Wicked and Vivid, have adopted condoms-only standards for all future fuck flicks. Not only are rubbers inserting themselves into more productions, but some performers are even shying from oral pop-shots.

A by-product of 1998's HIV crisis is increased momentum toward standardized health-and-safety rules to protect adult performers on the sets of porn shoots. XXX-industry attorney Geoffrey Douglas predicts that many producers will be forced to carry worker's-comp coverage to insure against future claims of on-the-job injuries from porn stars.

Will health inspectors of the future deem Ron Jeremy's furry ass crack a safe working environment? 1998's emphasis on extreme acts of grossness was epitomized by Rob Black's Gangbang Angels (reviewed June 1998). Black's opus presented the spectacle of Eurasian cutie Stephanie Swift kneeling before a row of males who took turns hawking loogies on her face. In the climactic moment, Swift dove between Jeremy's butt cheeks and performed anilingus on the Hedgehog's shit winker. This may have been the single most disgusting act of 1998, and it may be the last time an exhibition of such human degradation will be witnessed. Acts of anilingus may continue in future years, but if safety regulations take hold, porn stars may be required to don full chemical, biological and radiation protective gear before descending into Ron Jeremy's butthole.

1998 was one of the wettest years on record. In sync with El Niño, squirting videos of all varieties saturated the market. Odyssey's Oh My Gush series featured clams spraying milky douche liquids. Legend Video's Violation of Chandler offered queasy close-ups of Russian hellion Mila as she squirted multicolored juices from her tubular sphincters. It is highly recommended that viewers keep a barf bag handy when enjoying Mila's performance.

The public's thirst for female-urination vids was quenched with Mother Productions' release of its Peeing series (reviewed July 1998). Females are captured in a variety of outdoor and indoor settings as they squat and relieve themselves. Hovering somewhere between silly and erotic, the Peeing series satisfied anyone who wondered what chicks look like when taking a whiz from a tree, above a kitchen sink or in a cat-litter box. Mother Productions capped 1998 with the release of Rag Time Red, a sanguine study of menstruation that offers unplugged

boobs and serving clam with marinara to doting boyfriends, one of whom removes a tampon spaghetti string with his teeth. The essence of porn lies in the quali-

maidens rubbing dirty tampons on their

ty of gash presented. Most porn stars have a life expectancy about that of unrefrigerated lunch meat. Careers turn rancid overnight. In 1997 Jenna Jameson was the most celebrated cunt in XXX. Most of Wicked Pictures' output consisted of Jameson vehicles; she had a bit part in Howard Stern's movie; she was the subject of articles in mainstream men's magazines, one of which published her recipe for mashed potatoes. In 1998, Jameson virtually disappeared from adult video. She cropped up, looking weary and bloated, in a

(continued on page 152)







Alabama. Dancing, shopping and "just hanging out" are some of Sunny's delights. The 24-year-old exotic dancer fantasizes about other sexy women and hopes to fulfill all her boyfriend's fantasies. HUSTLER's forecast for pleasure: Sunny with a slight chance of cunnilingus. Photo by Boyfriend

Leslie of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is a 22-year-old business major. When she's not hitting the books, the studious strumpet likes camping and watching porn with her boyfriend. Leslie is currently investing her valuable energy in a threeway with her guy and another girl. Sharing assets is one way to corner the cock market.

Photo by Boyfriend

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Summer is indeed the most exquisite time of year in South Dakota. A 19-year-old dancer from Rapid City, Summer hopes "to make love in a field of sunflowers." Make haste, Summer. This ripe and tender season will never come again.

Photo by Boyfriend

This delicate denizen of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, is 26-year-old Veronika. Veronika is a bartender who scuba dives, jogs and wants to make love in the middle of downtown under the watchful eyes of a dozen spectators. Year on the property of the scenic wonders that await Photo by Friend



Tattooed love trinket Lina hails from Seoul, Korea. Lina tones her 19-year-old body by working out and ballet dancing.

The demure tiger lady confesses that she'd like "to meet two biker guys in the woods and have them fuck the hell out of me." The fiercest predator is often the easiest prey.

Photo by Friend



Janel of Malden, Massachusetts, relaxes on her totally '80s retro futon. The sexy, 26-year-old dancer likes to "exercise, dance and go out with friends." Janel's ultimate fantasy is "to be eaten out on the hood of my car in the rain." Didn't Bruce Springsteen write a song about that?

Photo by Friend





What burly biker wouldn't welcome a delicate old lady like Lacee? This diminutive, hog-straddling gal is a 20-year-old student from Altus, Oklahoma. Lacee would like to have "hard-core sex with two men and possibly a woman." Perhaps black leather is closer to Lacee's true nature.

Photo by Boyfriend

"What, me worry?" 21-year-old Christy seems to say.

Tanning and sexual experimentation are all in a day's fun for this Dequeen, Arkansas, housewife. Swinging Christy and her husband are looking for an "attractive female for a first-time threesome." It seems Dequeen is home to some king-size perverts.

Photo by Husband







This gauzy siren is Trisha from Huntsville, Alabama.
A dancer by trade, seductress by choice, 19-year-old
Trisha likes to swim and have sex with her boyfriend.
Making love on the beach is number one on Trisha's
wish list. Could a blowjob beneath a crystal-clear
waterfall be far behind?

Photo by Friend

Diane is a lascivious contortionist from Round Rock, Texas.

Gymnastics loom large in Ms. Diane's leisure pursuits. The 22
Gymnastics loom large in Ms. Diane's leisure pursuits, but her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies, but her year-old college student did not list her sexual fantasies.



Huntsville, Alabama's Devin proves that even the wildest pussies can be domesticated. Devin's all-time favorite things include "cooking, reading and sex, sex, sex." The 29-year-old hootchie wants to hitch her star to the porn industry and appear in adult movies and magazines. We can lead your snatch to the casting couch, Devin, but you have to spread the pink.

Photo by Friend

Marissa likes having sex and shooting pool.
The 34-year-old dancer from Atlanta,
Georgia, yearns to indulge in unspeakable
acts of physical passion with "two beautiful
women while my man watches."
Some women are born performers.
Photo by Friend



Bodacious Roxanne hails from San Francisco, California. The 34-year-old vixen enjoys "biking, working out and writing." Roxanne also holds down the glamorous job of a cruise director. Picture the *Love Boat* with topless shuffleboard tournaments.

Photo by Friend

Jay may be a tomboy's name, but this curvaceous, 31-year-old office manager is 100% woman. The Columbia, South Carolina, lady fancies "athletics, reading and sex." Jay fulfills a lifelong ambition by appearing in HUSTLER and gives her co-workers a more scintillating image than Dilbert to hang in their cubicles.

Photo by Husband



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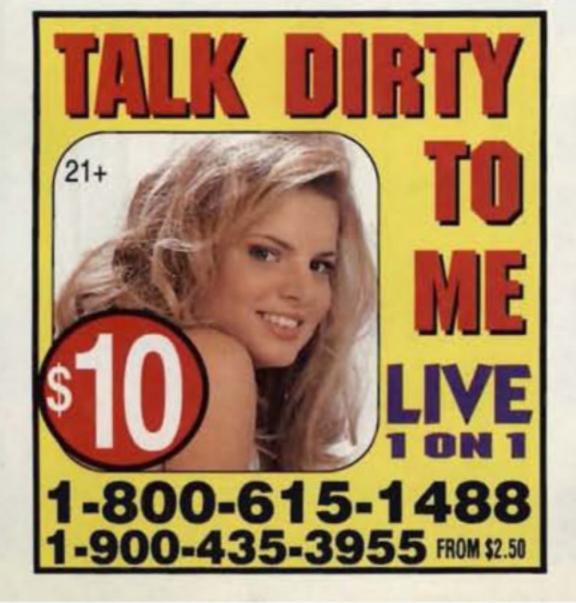




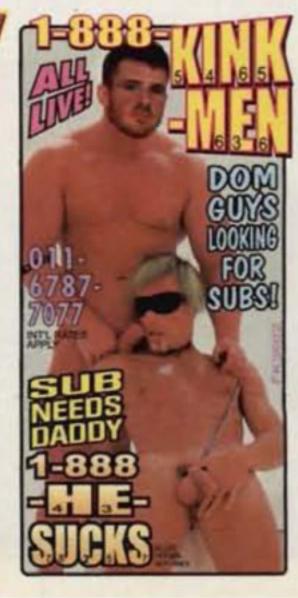




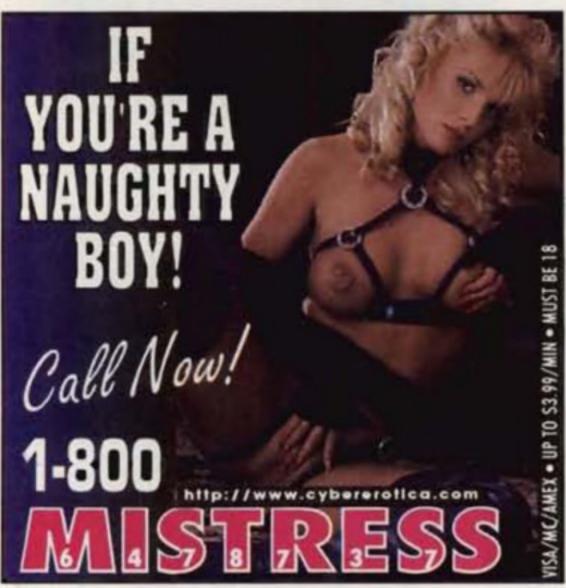






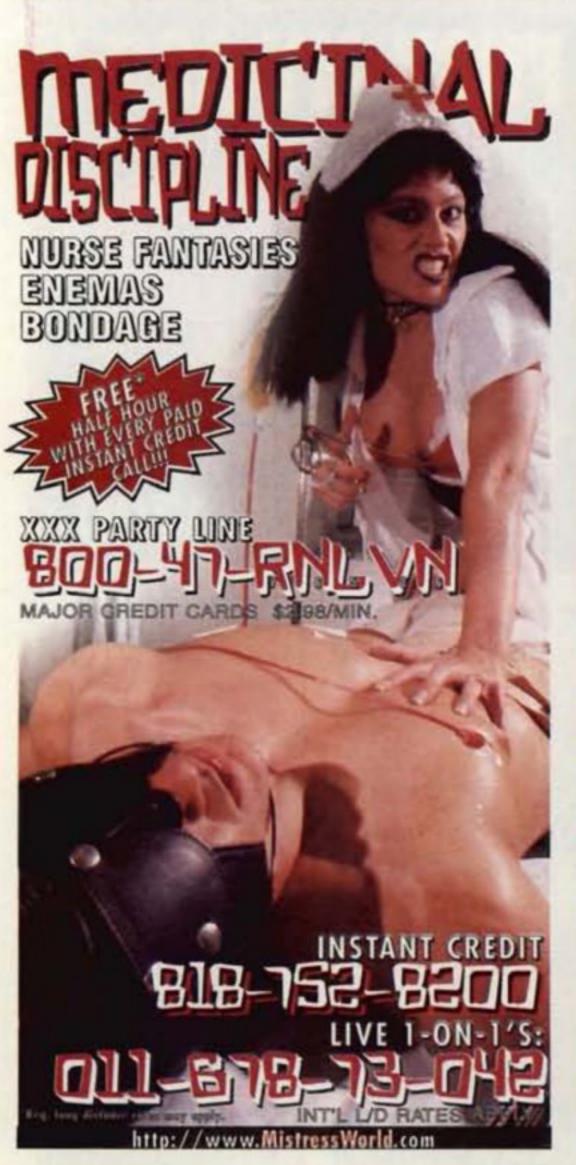


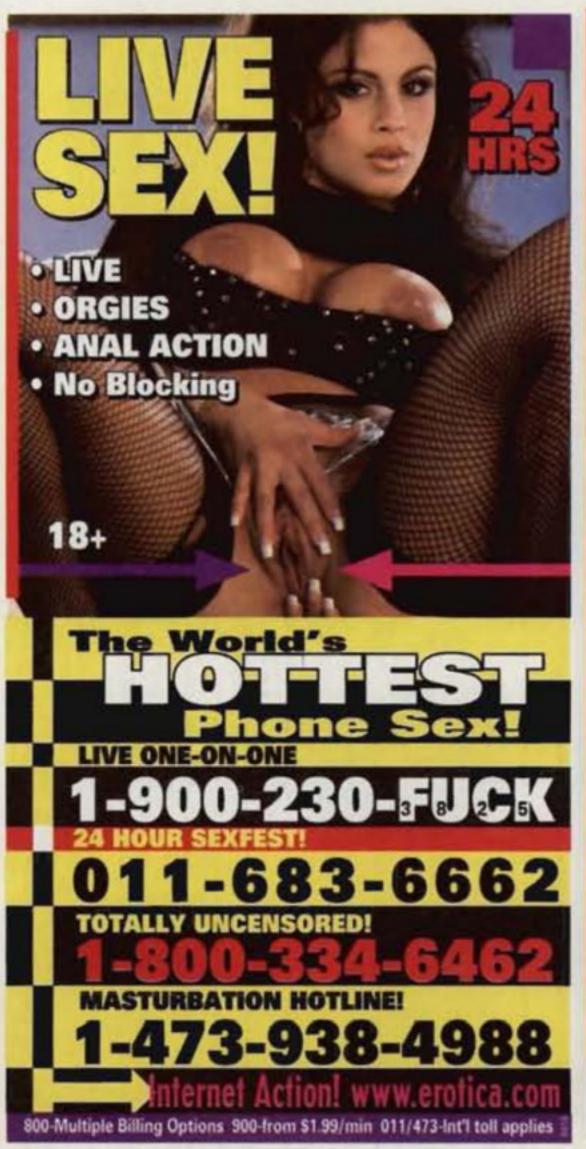


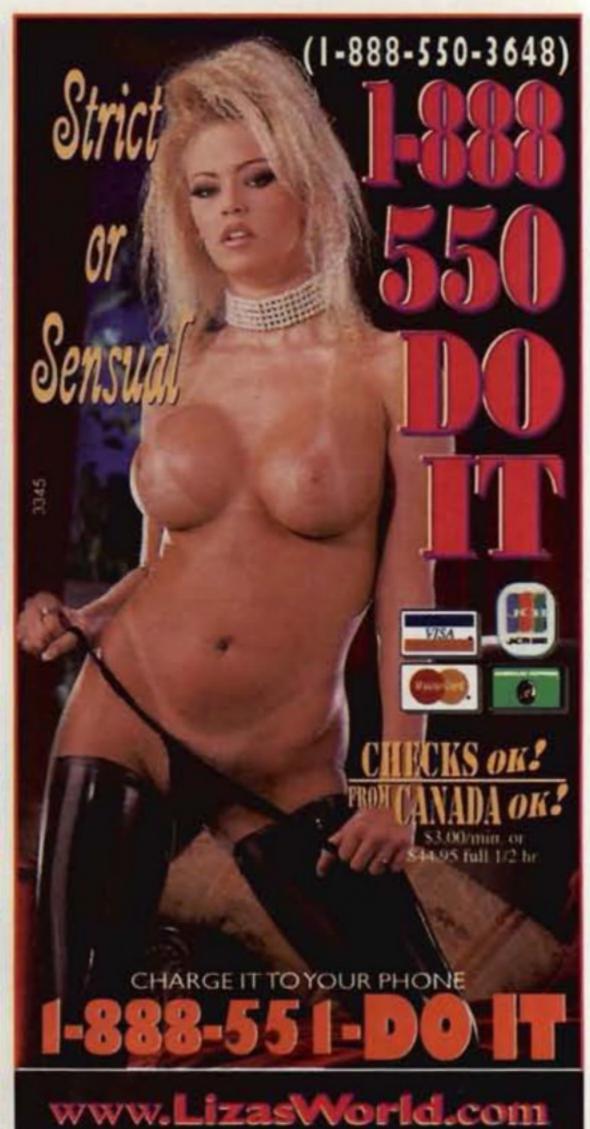
















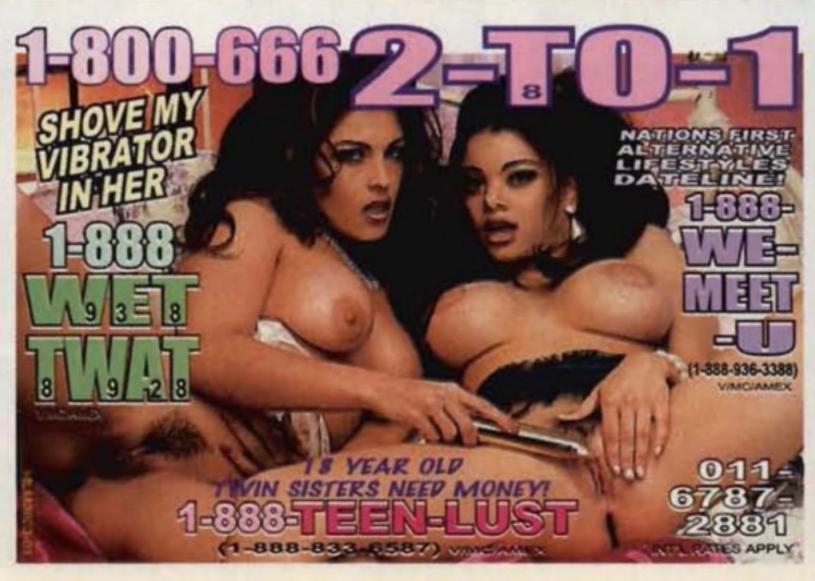




















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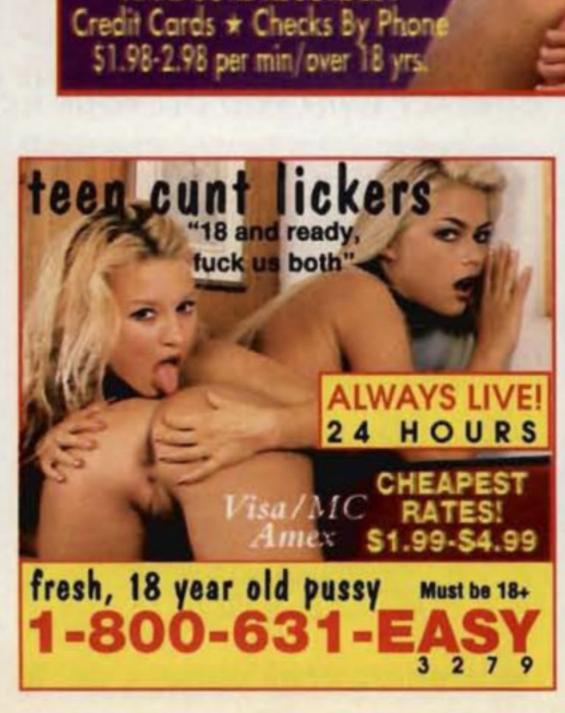


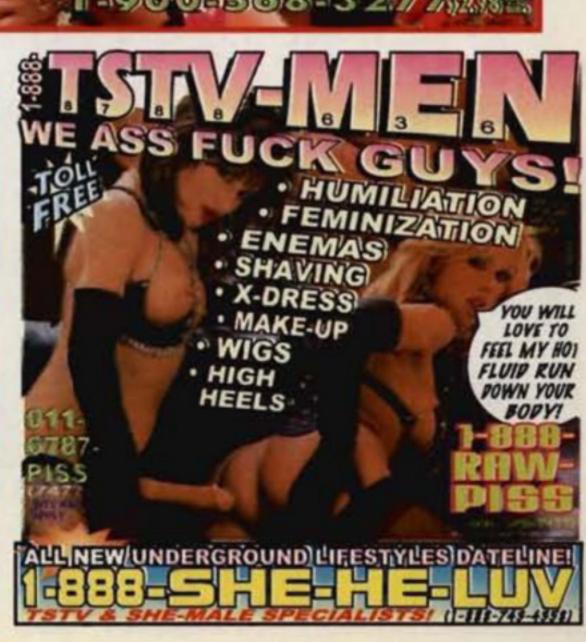




















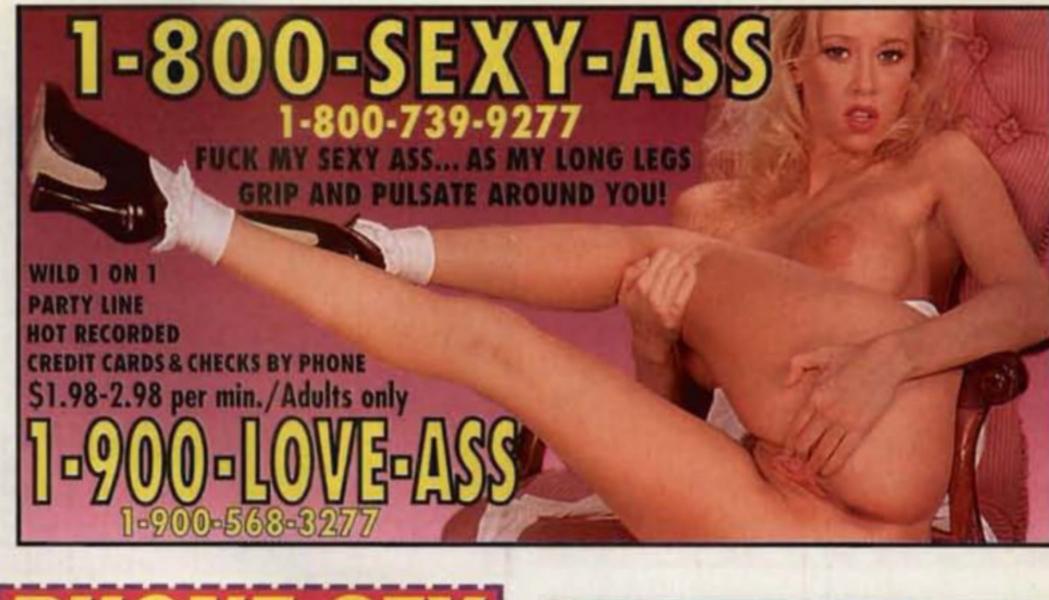


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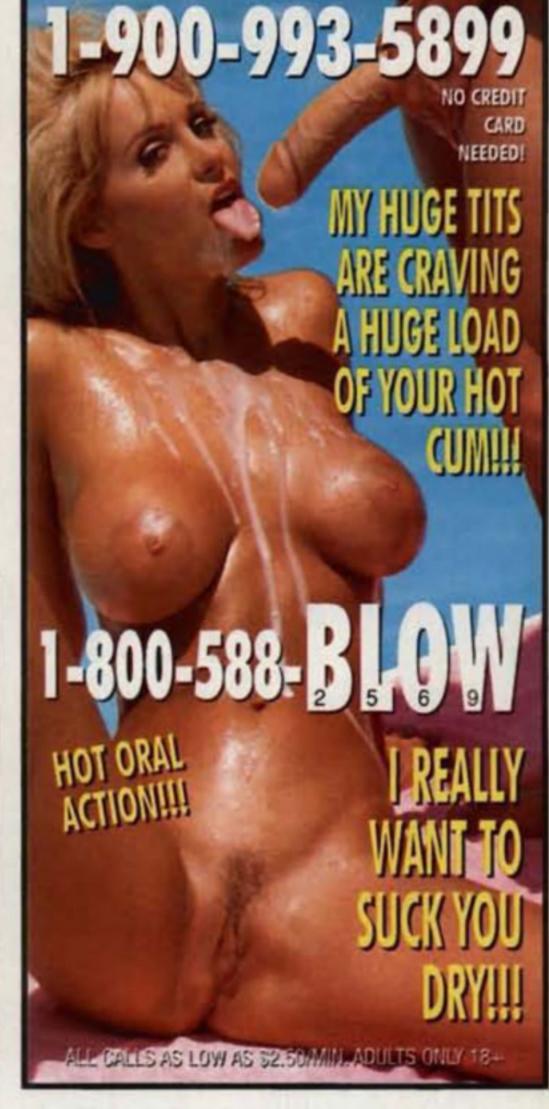
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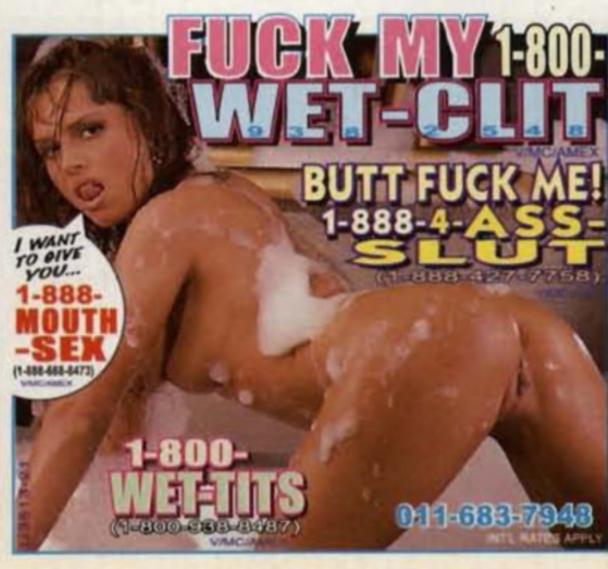
































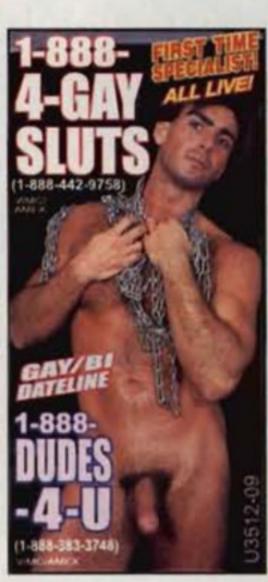


















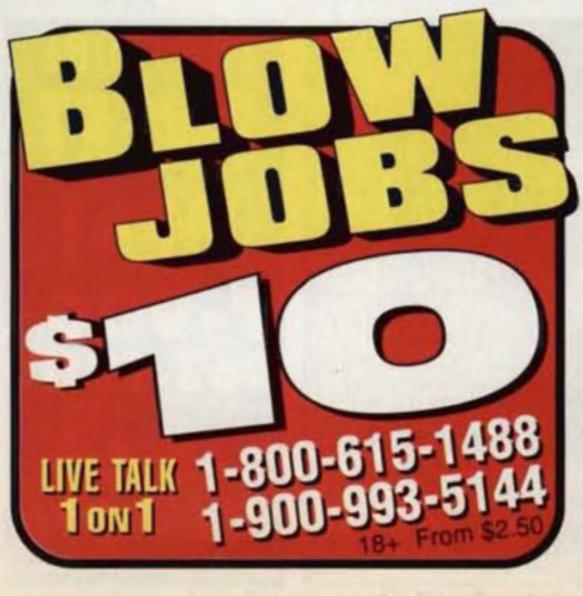




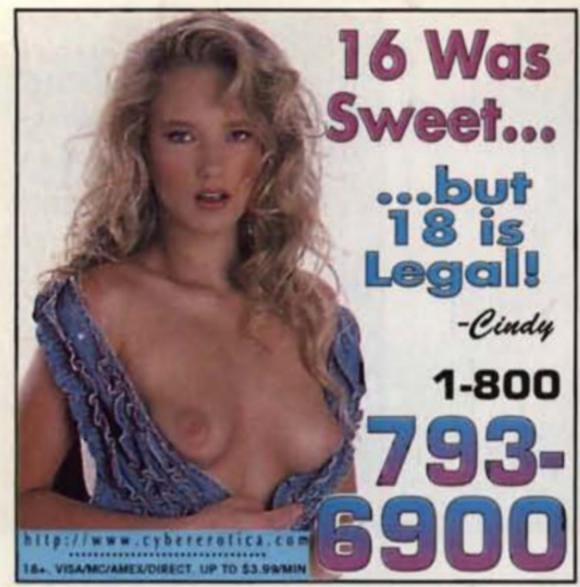


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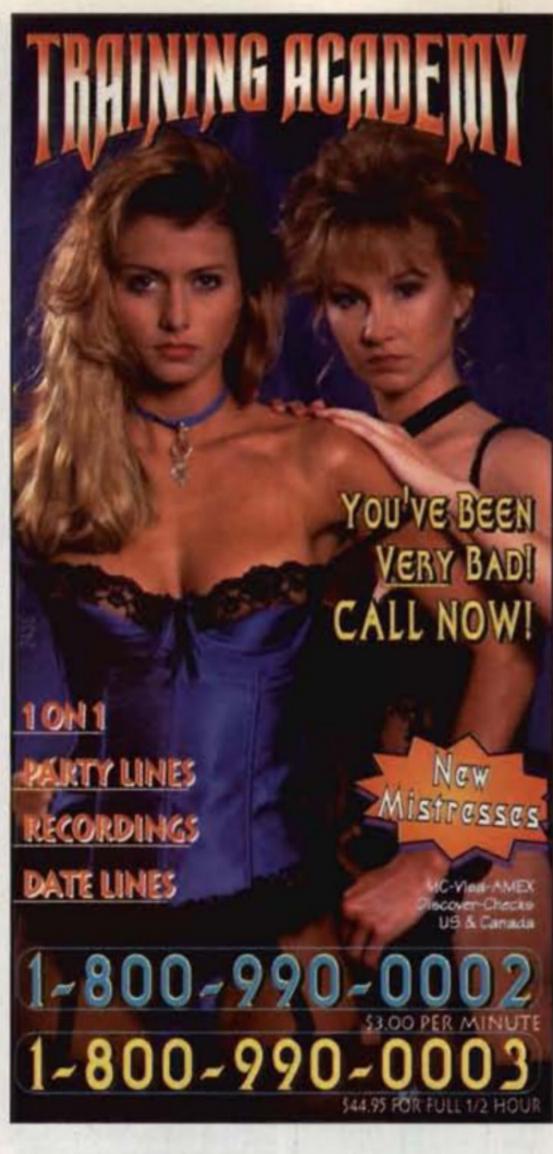
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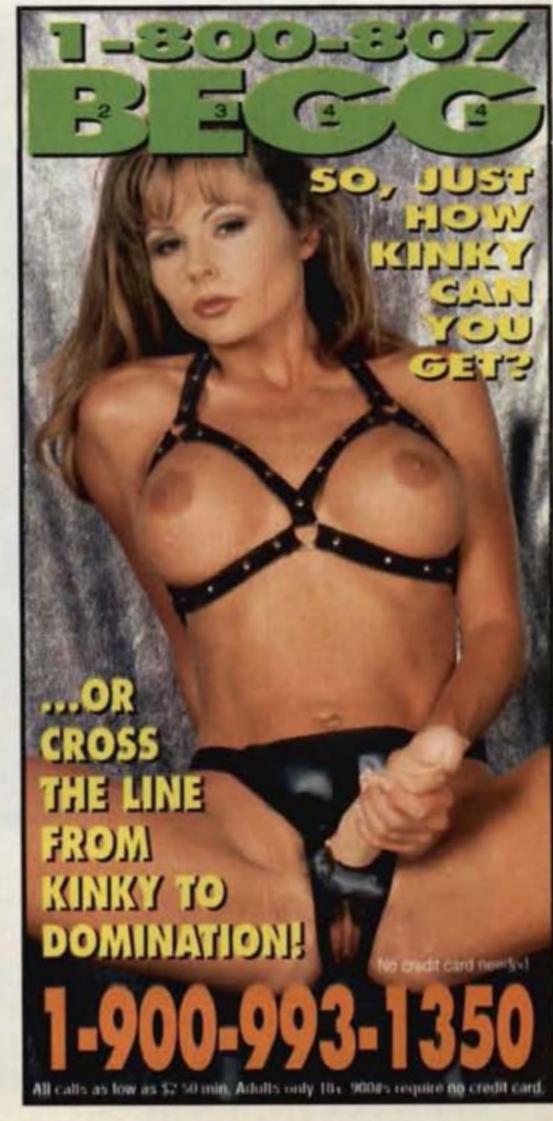














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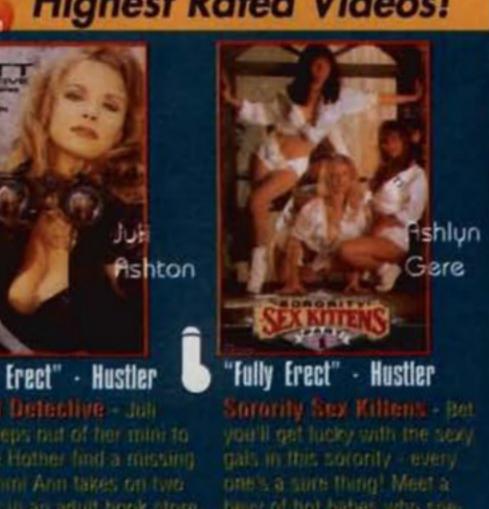
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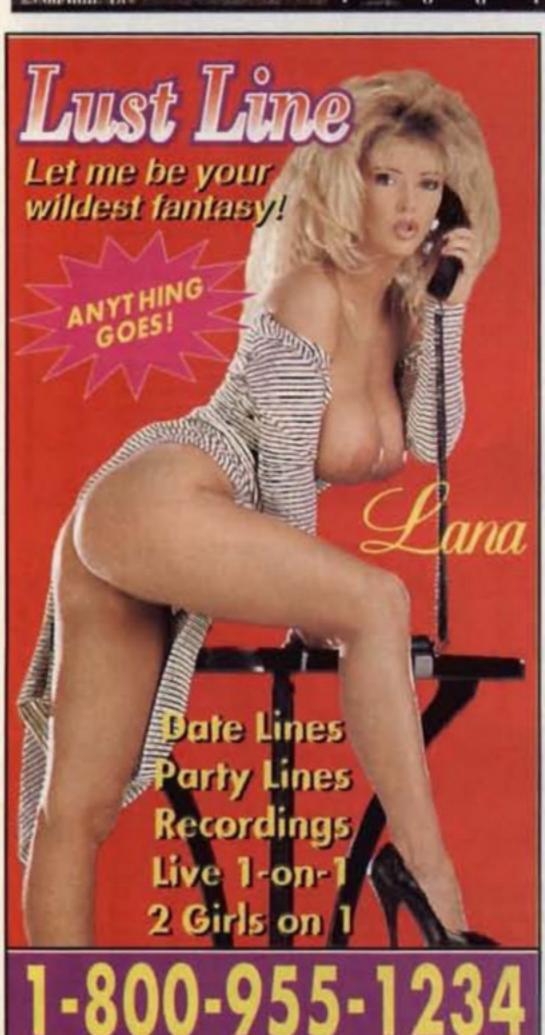




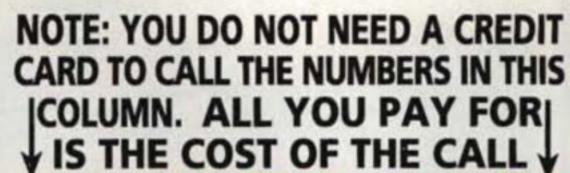








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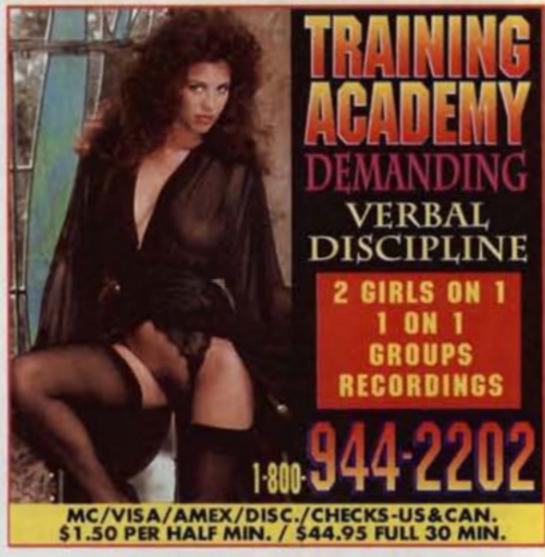


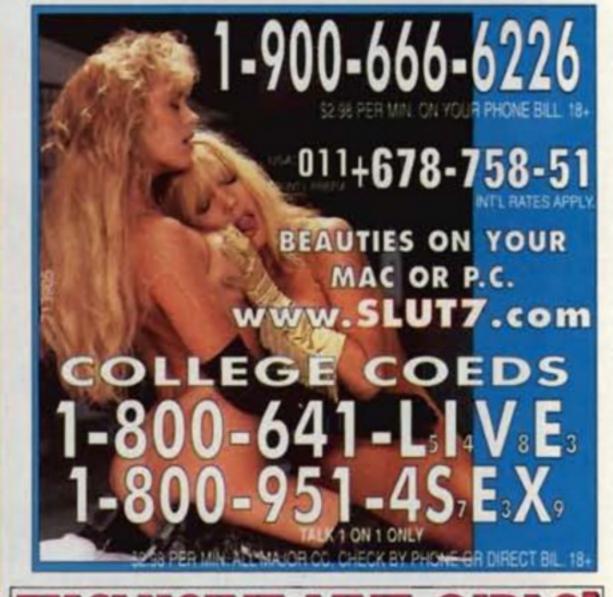














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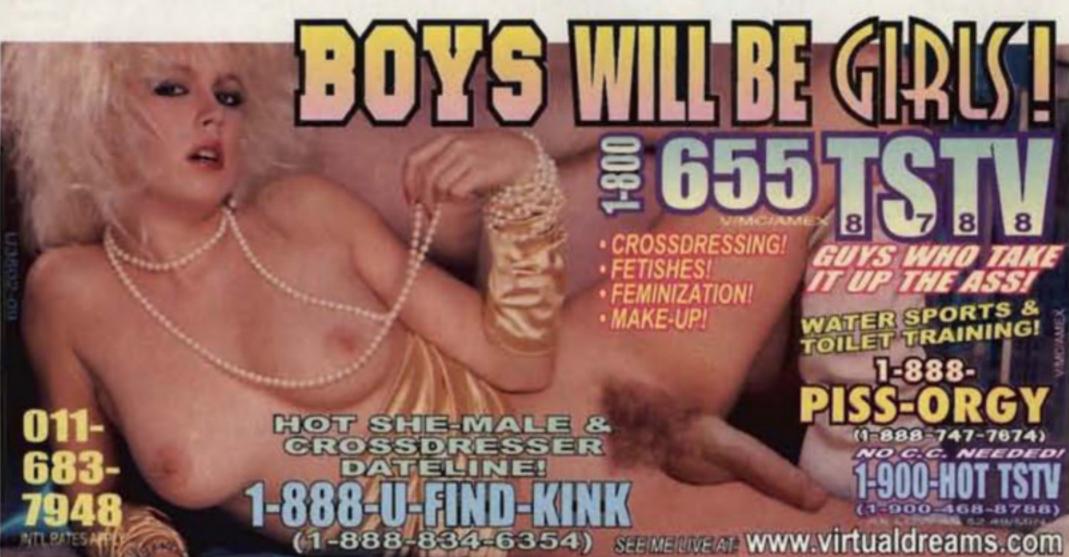
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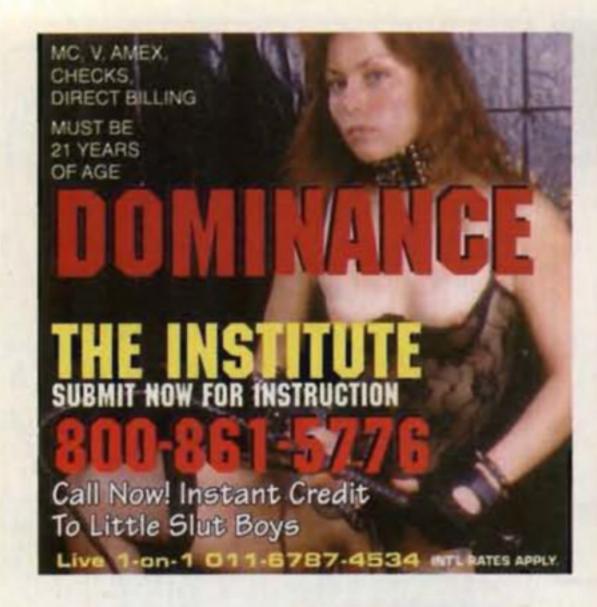


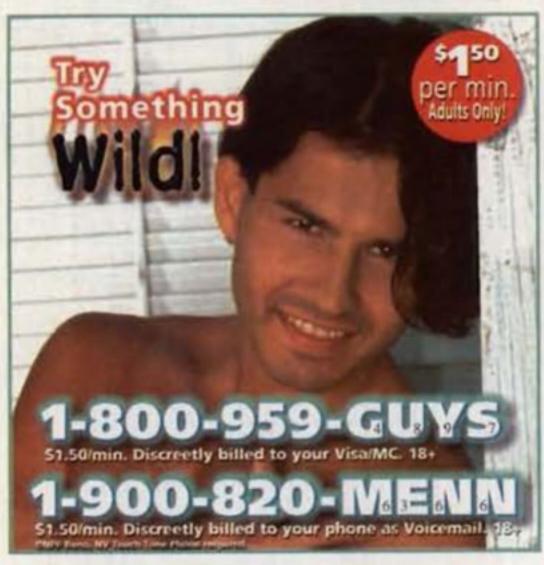
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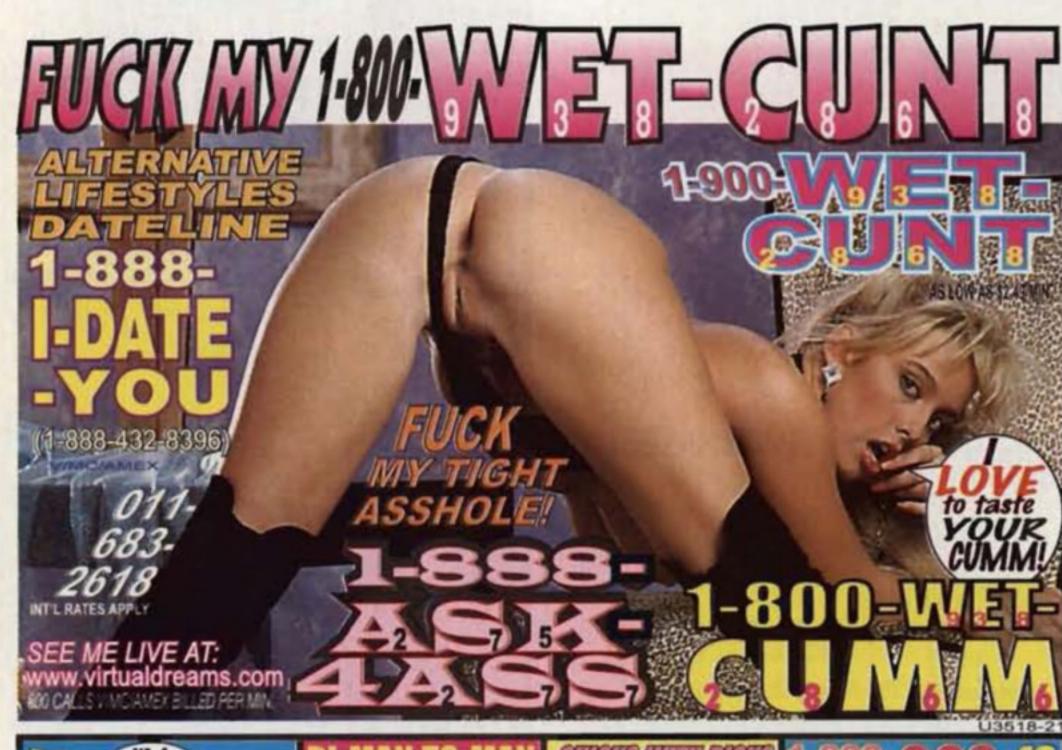




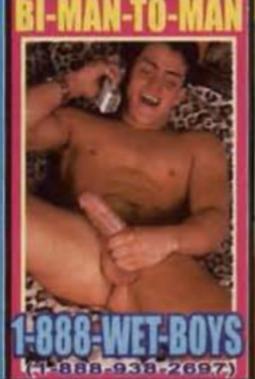








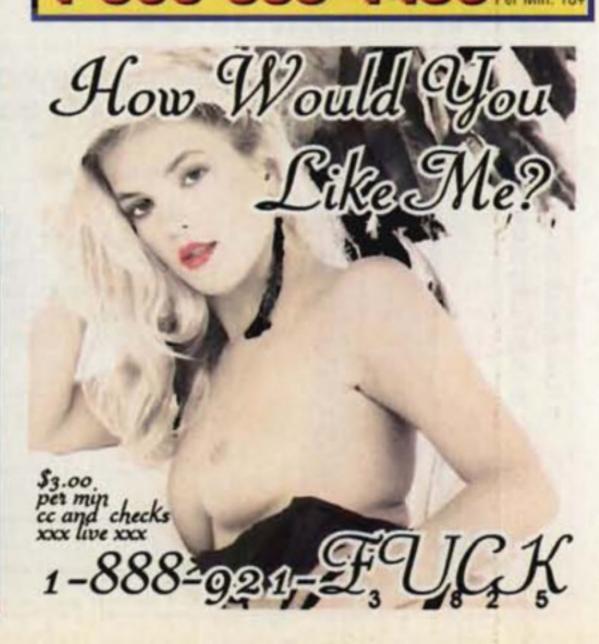










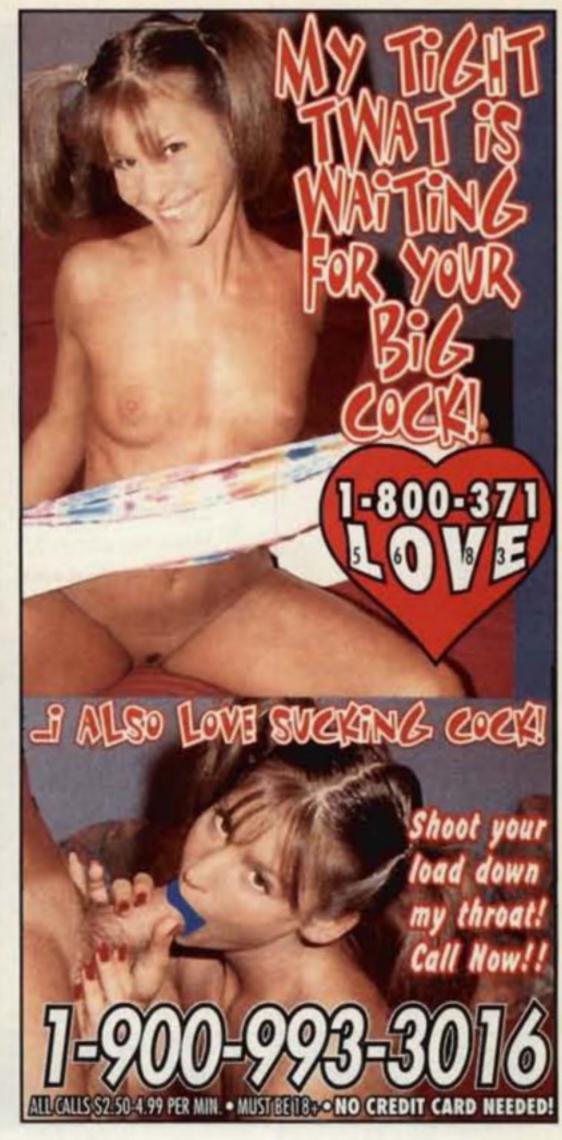














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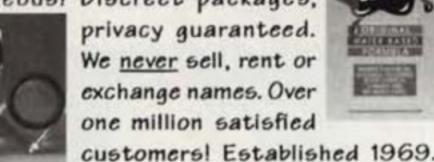


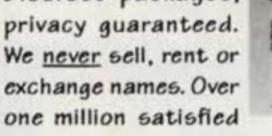
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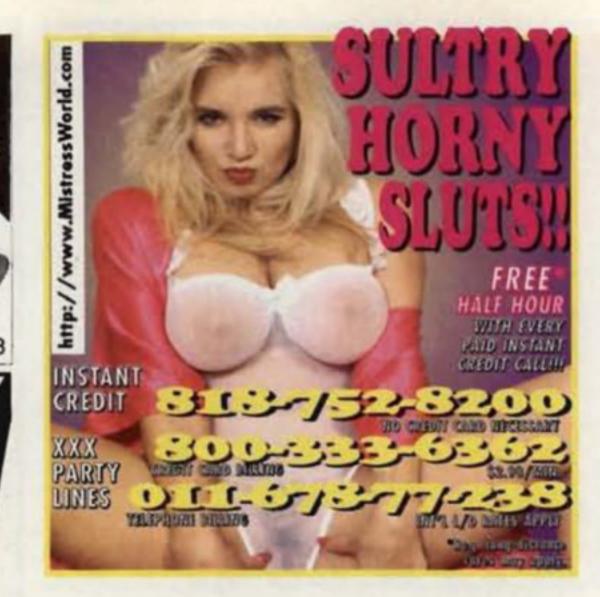
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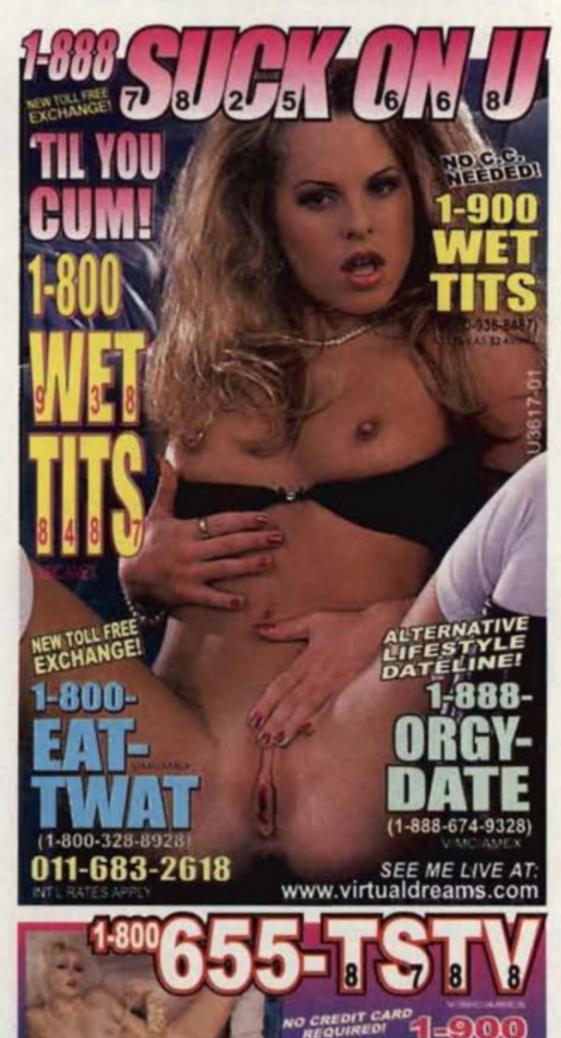
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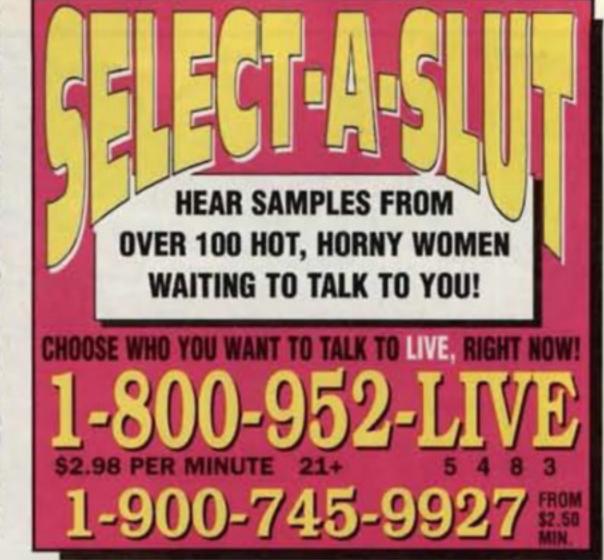


















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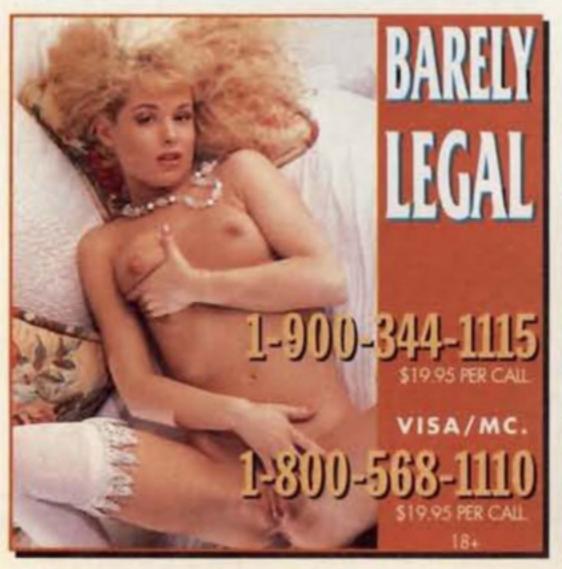
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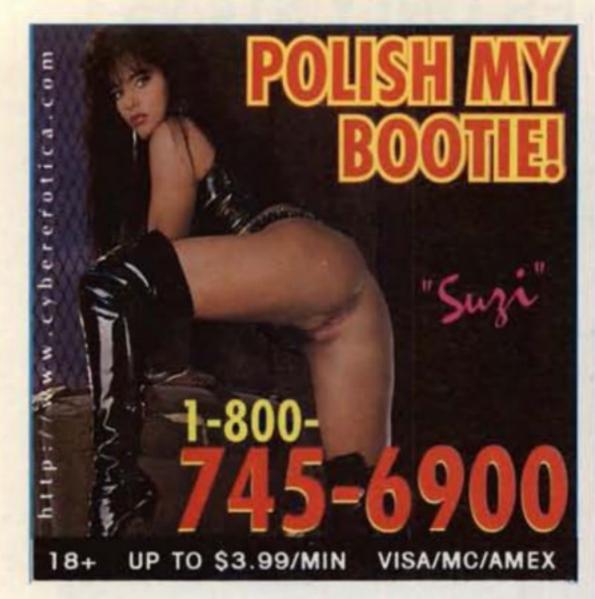
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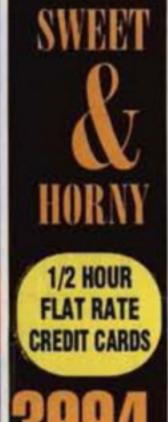
















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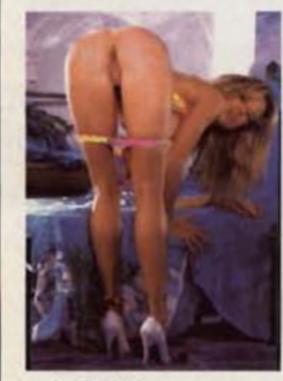






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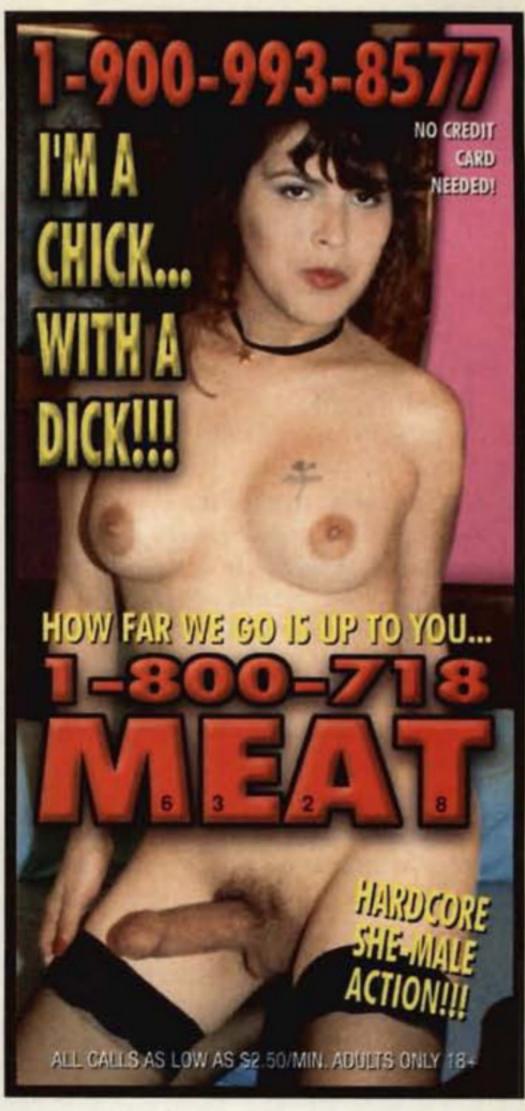






















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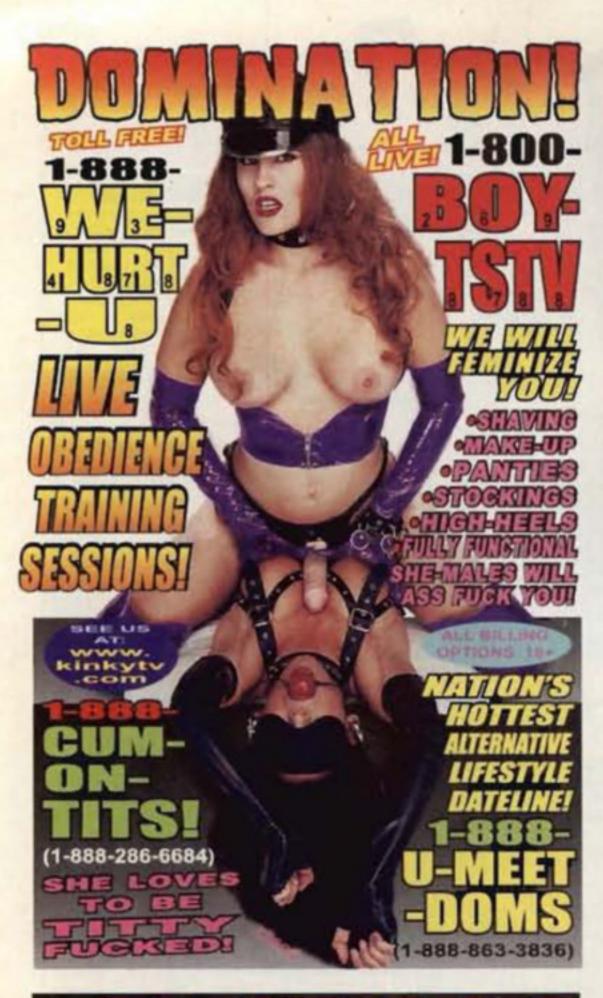


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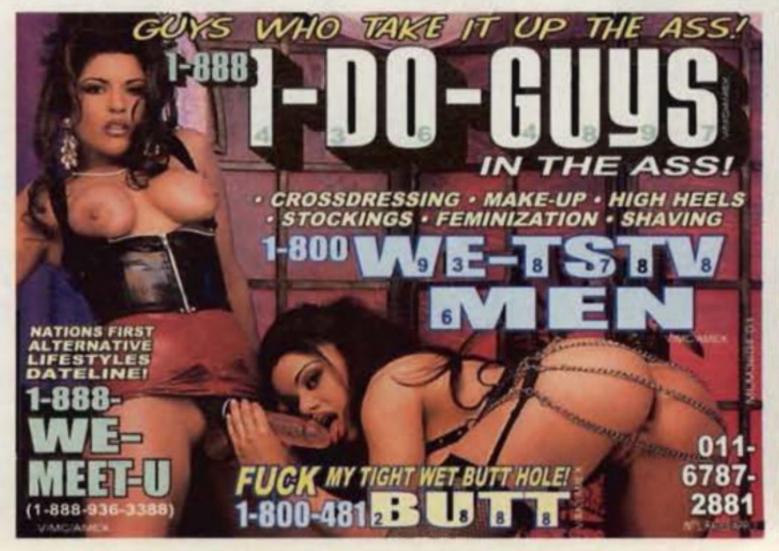


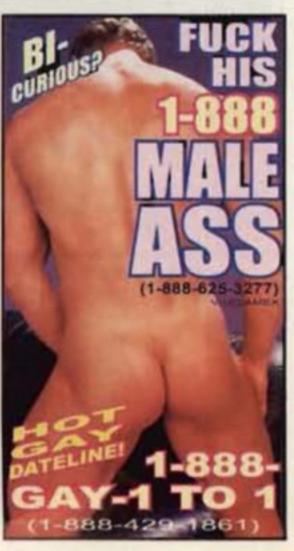
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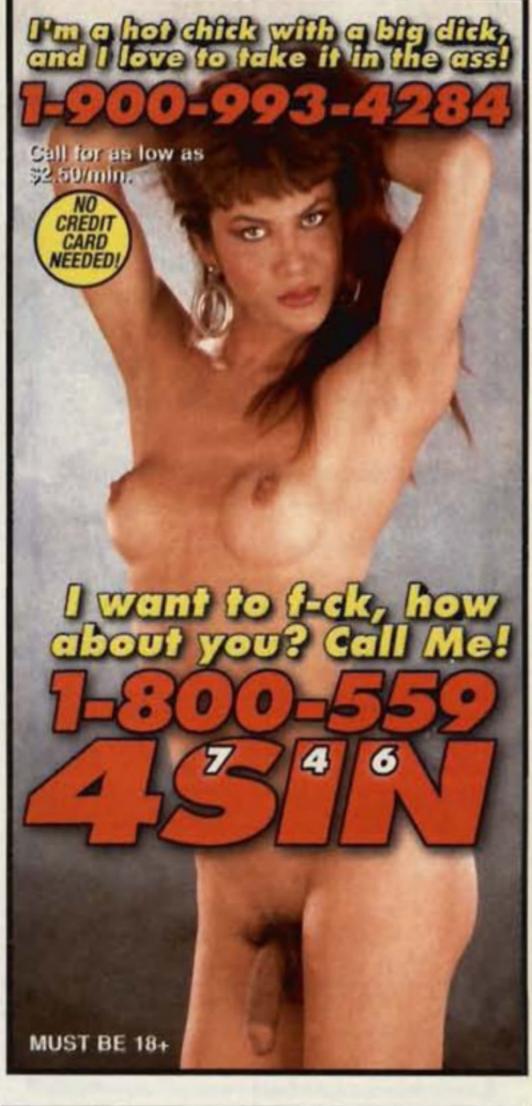












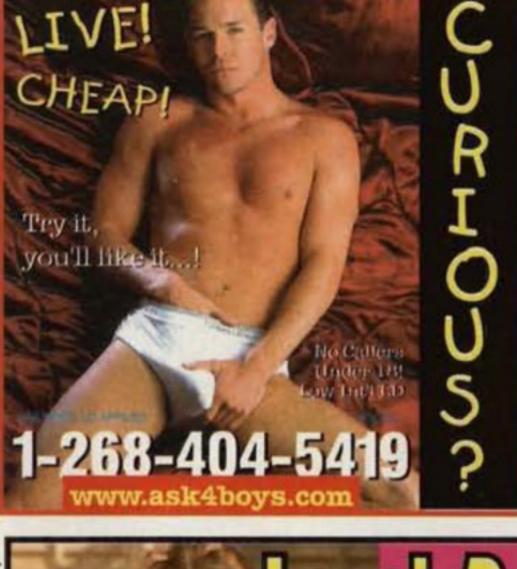


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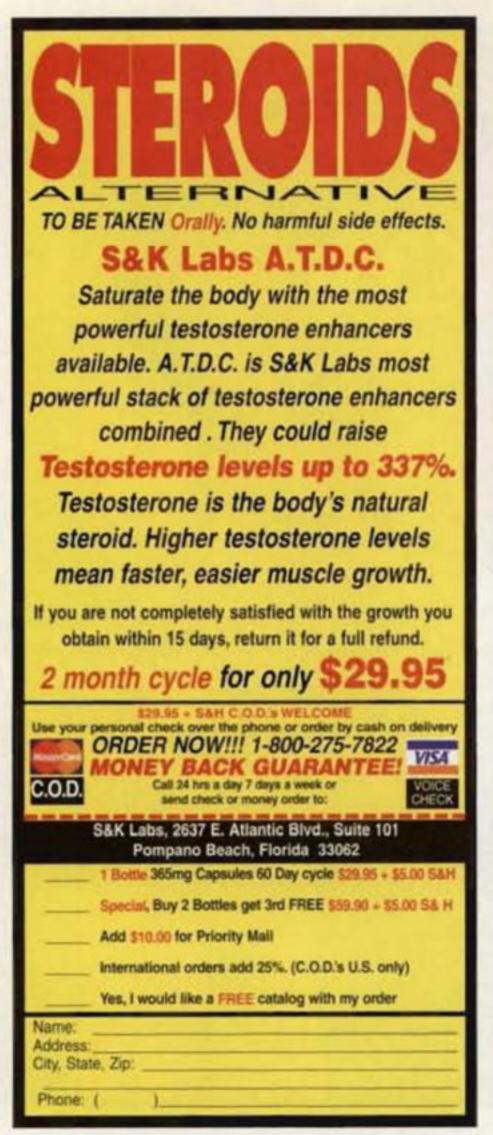












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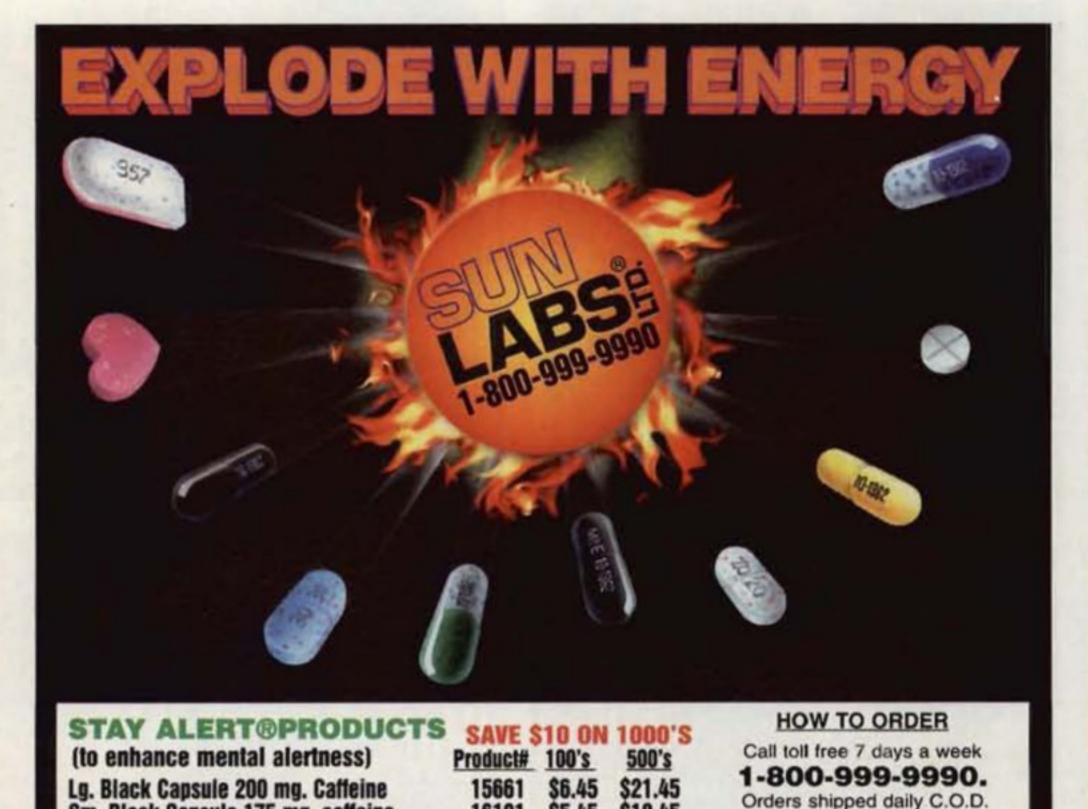
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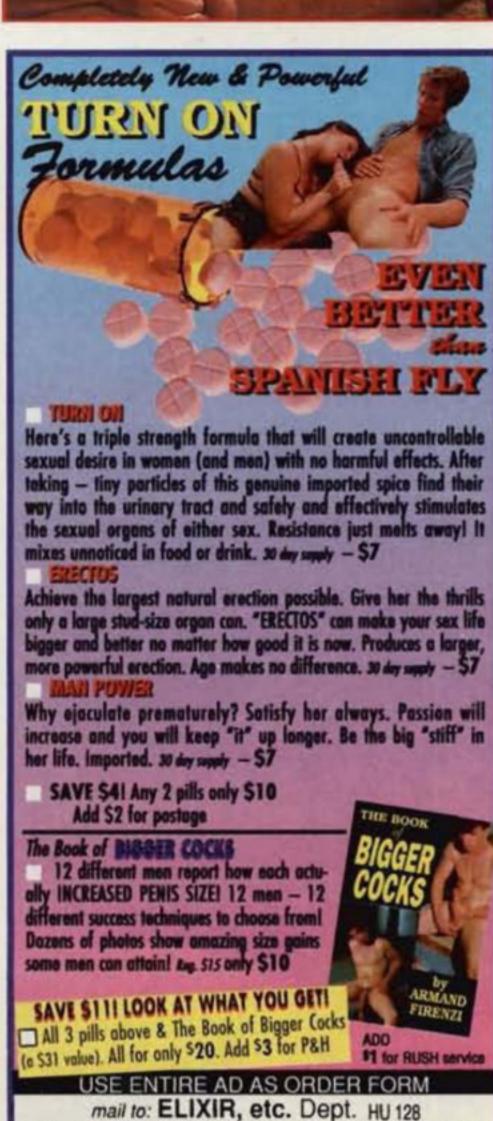
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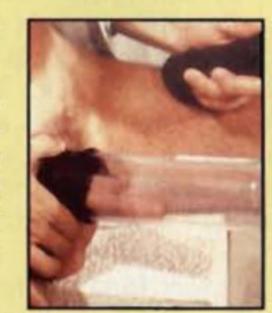
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Dr. Joel Bross is a noted sex therapist, clinical sexologist in private practice since 1974. He specializes in sexual concerns for both woman and men. He is responsible for the production of numerous educational sex videos.



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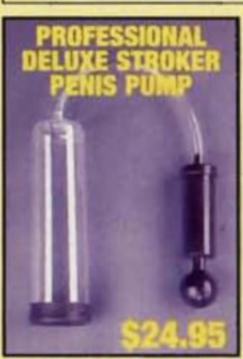
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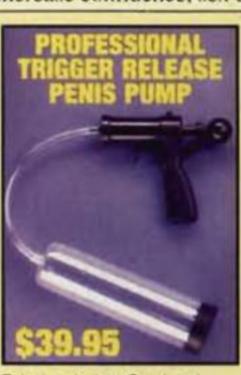
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(continued from page 110)

Review 1998 was the first year in which XXX innocents resisted the exhortations of the dirty old men to surgically mar their tender young bodies with botched implants.

handful of Wicked films, such as Flashpoint (rated One-Quarter Erect in September 1998), but Serenity was being touted as the new Wicked contract girl. Jameson has reportedly moved to Florida.

From her start in 1996's World's Biggest Gang-Bang 2, Jasmin St. Claire has set her sights on becoming the most successful and infamous skin star in the world. Shooting fire out of her bunghole for John T. Bone's Blow It Out Your Ass (reported in February 1998) followed up the World's Biggest Gang-Bang in St. Claire's drive for publicity. She was forced to cancel radio and TV appearances promoting her anal-pyrotechnics stunt when the home of the magician who was assisting her mysteriously burned down. By mid-1998, St. Claire quit Bone's Cream Productions, declaring, "John isn't using all my talents and abilities. I'm sick of being in movies where all I do is lie back and have guys spit on me and fuck my ass." St. Claire immediately signed with Rob Black's new company, X-treme Associates.

Black is best known for movies in which his stars lie back and have guys spit on them while fucking their asses.

capabilities. "You're going to see Jasmin cross-promoting her XXX films in prowrestling tournaments on pay-per-view TV. She'll be a wrestling manager. She'll be a bitch like she is."

The manufacture of skin-star celebrities seemed in 1998 as much a goal of the adult industry as the production of worthwhile hard-core filth. VCA followed Vivid's cue and spent a large chunk of cash putting a billboard on Hollywood, California's Sunset Boulevard in order to promote its stable of contract girls. Does the average jackoff really care if a XXX contains starlets who look good airbrushed on a billboard?

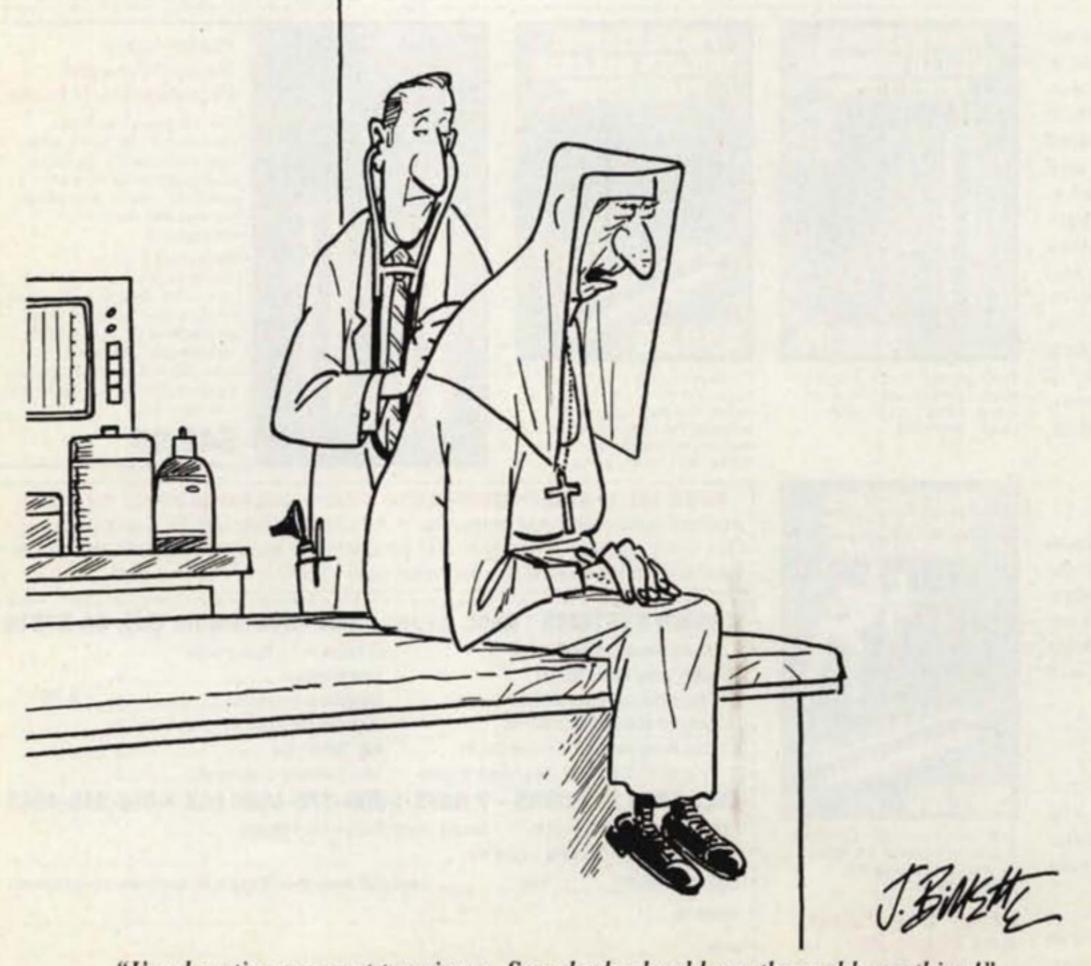
Several of HUSTLER's picks for the best videos in 1998 demonstrate the virtues of virtually unknown foreign gash, suggesting that the strivings for publicity and porn-star celebrity among U.S. players may be irrelevant. The ascendancy of foreign cunt in 1998 also signaled a dissatisfaction with the synthetic look of American sluts. Just as meat eaters are increasingly wary of factoryraised, hormone-fed cattle, porn consumers are shying away from the fakelooking, surgically altered, bald-cunt porn sluts that are grown domestically. Black promises he will use Jasmin St. European coozes offer fuller, free-range Claire to the fullest of her talents and bushes, natural milkers and a casual, open-minded attitude toward sexual deviancy, such as double-anal penetrations, that is drawing growing numbers of U.S. fans.

French fuck-film director Pierre Woodman (Tatiana 3) has been exploring the farthest reaches of the collapsed Soviet empire to find legal-age virgins ripe for XXX. "I interviewed an 18-yearold girl from Siberia for my next movie," Woodman says. "She was beautiful. She had never been touched by a man. I explained to this girl what she would have to do to be in an X film. I showed her pictures from a hard-core magazine to make sure she understood. This beautiful girl looked at a picture of sperm coming out from a penis, and she asked me, 'What is that white stuff?' She will be in my next movie."

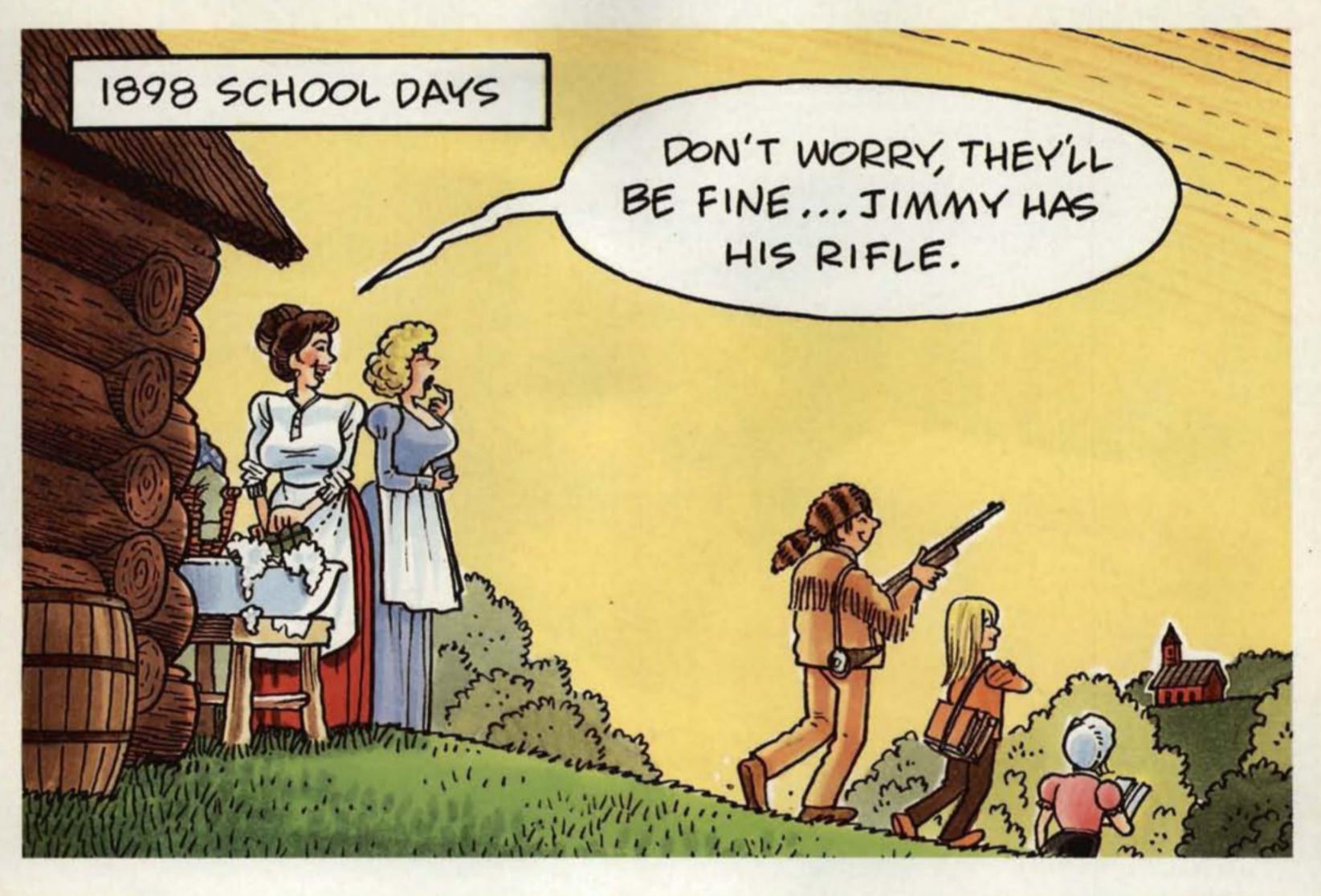
"The trend is to get out of L.A.," confirms Butt Row mastermind Joey Silvera. "It's hard to find fresh girls in L.A. There are so many shooters in town, the girls burn out fast. We use them up as fast as they come into the business."

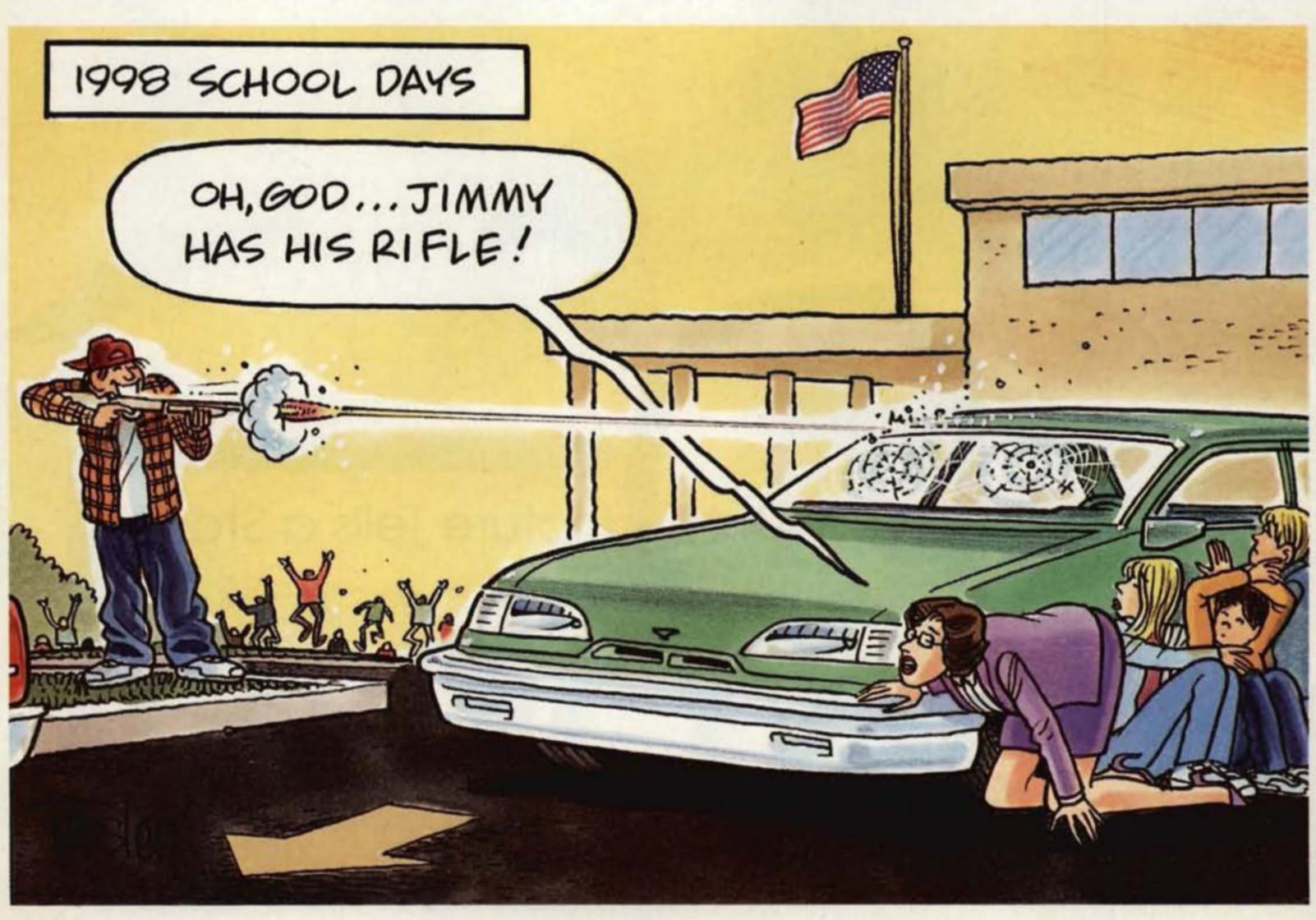
Undaunted by the high attrition rates, the risk of AIDS and the prospect of having to suck Ron Jeremy's ass, 1998's fresh crop of young hootchies rose to the challenge of the U.S. filth industry. In previous years, chicks naturally endowed with milkers smaller than the fake-DD standard of the jizz biz were routinely offered "free" implant surgery from raunch directors and producers eager to make them conform to the cheesy image of feminine beauty. These men frequently wear toupees that look as if they've been cut from the shag carpet of a 1977 Chevy Van. 1998 was the first year in which XXX innocents resisted the exhortations of the dirty old men to surgically mar their tender young bodies with botched implants. Newbie floozies such as Nellie Pierce, Wildcat and Tia did not become porn stars in 1998; some of them even had the misfortune to appear in some of the most godawful productions of the year; but their natural looks and uncalculating glee at performing lewd acts before the pornographer's camera made them typify the best of 1998.

1998 showed that the phony, implantblown, fake-blonde bimbo is going the way of the 8-track cassette. The future belongs to the young and natural. New Wildcats and Tias from trailer parks, dysfunctional homes or plain dull suburbs across America are turning 18 today and eager to pursue the time-honored American XXX dream of easy money and instant stardom through sucking dick on tape.



"I'm donating my cunt to science. Somebody should use the goddamn thing!"









penthouse of an infamous photographer.

"What art magazine is this for, Gustav?" Robin asks, coyly removing her panties.

"It's called Mound Huffer," the seedy photographer replies. "Can you put your legs in the air for me, honey?"

Robin offers the shutterbug a glimpse of her cooze.

"That's it," Gustav exclaims, clicking wildly. "There's Daddy's little girl."

"Americans are too uptight to understand my form of artistic expression," Robin says. Her cunt tingles in the flashbulb's glare. "Europeans know the only filthy part of the human body is the mind."

















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14 THE BEST OF CUM A week in the sun wouldn't dry this video out - it's the wettest collection of climaxing wangs ever! Ladies lapping up laveluice as huge. gushing cocks drench every square inch of female flesh! Facial, vagina, breast and anal splash-downs with Lisa Lipps, Terl Diver, Sandi Beach, Tonisha Mills, morei







15 SEX WITH TINY WOMEN Good things "cum" in small packages! Pretty, petite and so porkable! Diminutive dick-lickers in sperm-soaking scenes of penetration. Nubbin-titled coeds, peachfuzz pussies and pigtalls, anal cherry-girls, babysitter gong-bangs, oral cumshots, tiny holes getting filled with fat, gushing erections!

16 TINY TITTED TARTS This is a "B" movie - all the gals have B-cups! Nubbinbreasted nymphettes with mosquito-bite boobs bang their way through scene after scene of big-dick sex! Flat-chested fuck-freaks fondle and face-hump the fattest cocks in films! Interracial, lesbian aral and anal cumshots, tool

17 GIRLS WHO CRAVE 3 OR MORE COCKS It's hole-stuffing hysteria as the horniest "ho's" get ham-shanked by hung studst Every slot, hole, aperture, crease and crack gets Jammed with jism-spurting cock as these cock-starved sluts cram penis into every hole they've got! 3-somes, 4-somes, more-somes! Gang cumshots galore!

18 GIRLS WHO LOVE BLACK COCK Girls with a fetish for chocolate fucksticks! Hung black stallions buried between white thighs, breasts and rectums! Ucorice lovesticks unloading on ivory sluts! These gais thrive on dark meat. Rectal humping, tit-fucking, vaginal dicking, full-screen suckoffs and gooey, dripping facial cumshots

19 GIRLS WHO TAKE IT UP THE ASS Let's get some sausage between those buns! Anal "ho's" who crave rectal orgasms give you a "peek between the cheeks" at the taboo of anal penetration. See positions of anal intercourse. rectal climaxing, assholes drenched in semen, more. With Sabrina, Rebecca Bardoux, Tera Heart, others.

20 GIRLS WITH HUGE PUSSIES & ASSHOLES We wouldn't "stretch" the truth... you've never seen vaginas and asses as big as the ones on this video! Cavernous cunts and bottomless buttholes get probed and explored by dildos as big as bazookas, triple penetration in a pussy, rectal insertion of baseball

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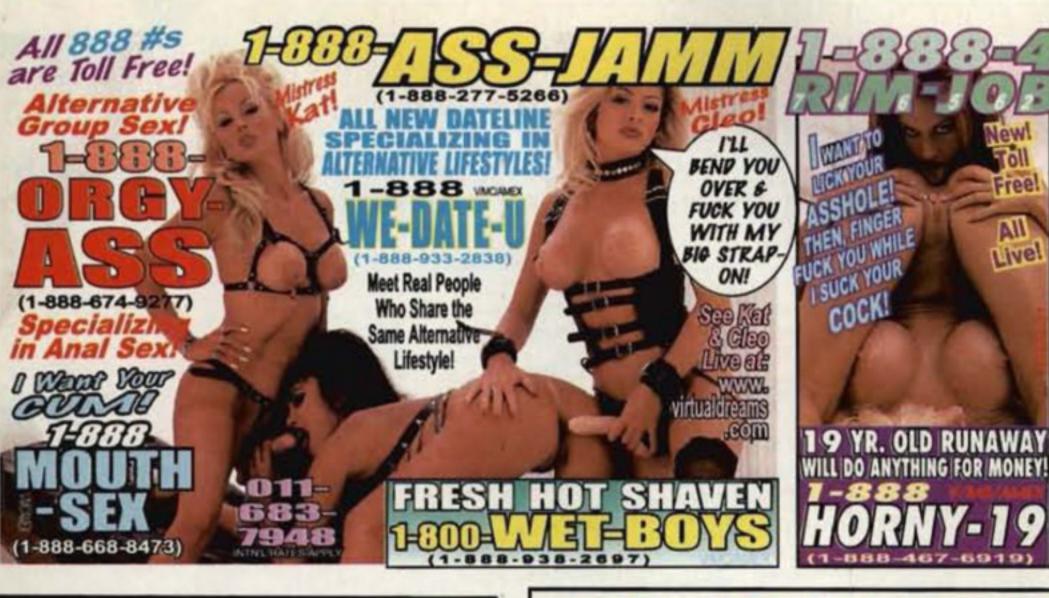
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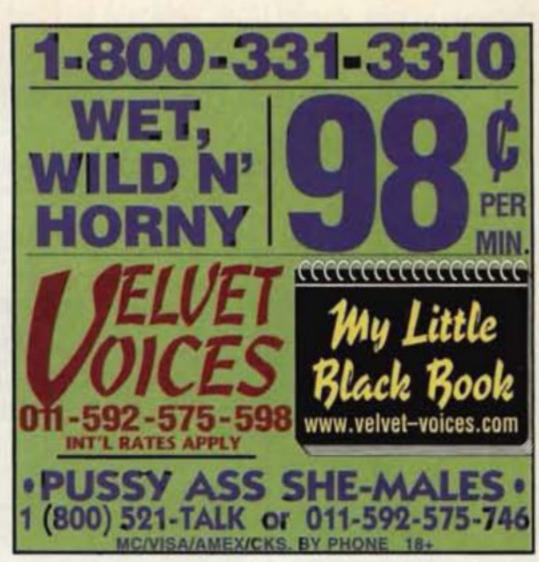
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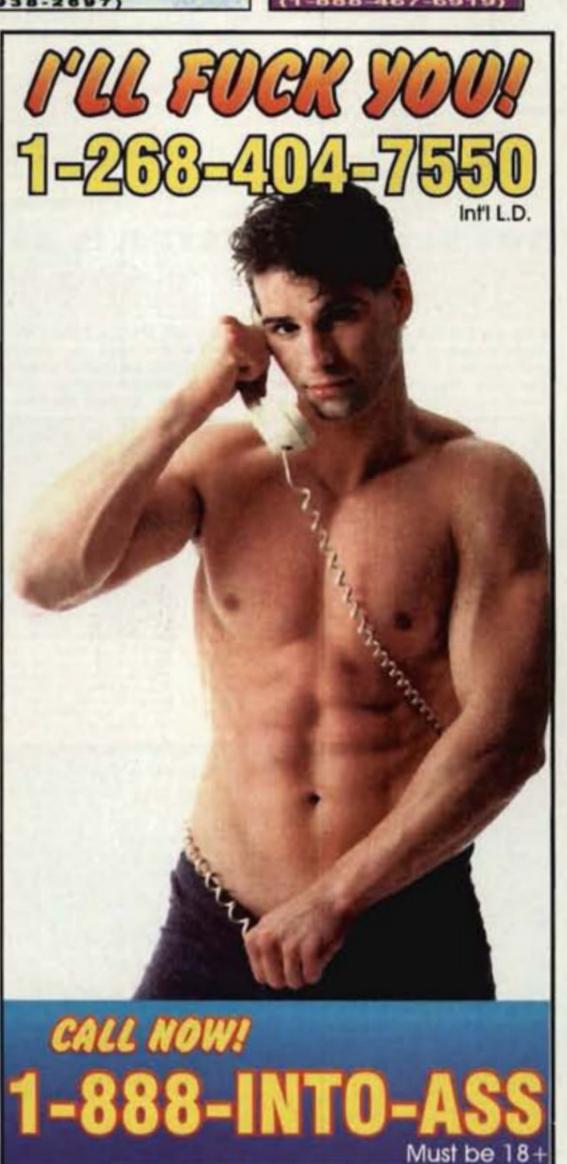
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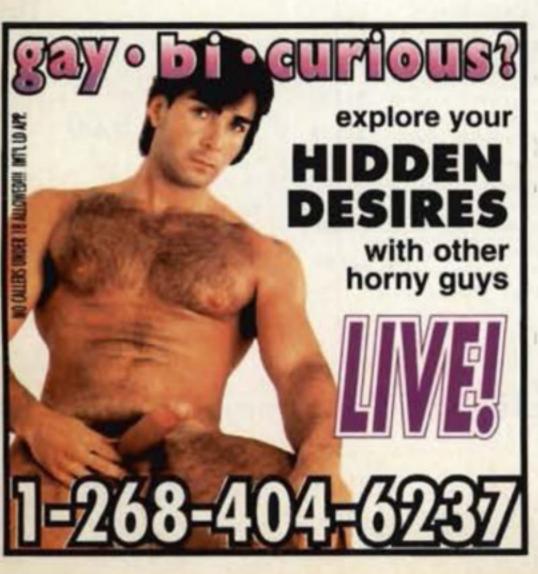








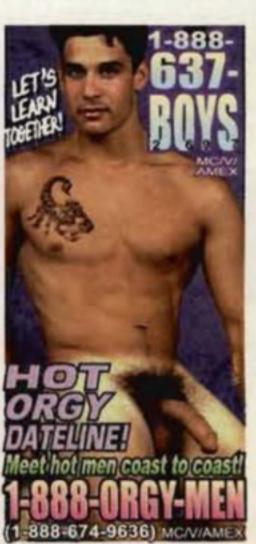












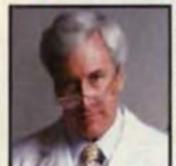


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Lee Conner, B.S. M.A. in electrical engineering. The founder and CEO of Bristol Medical Along with Dr. Ruffin, he has developed the SUPRA-12... the world's leading vacuum pump.



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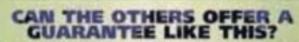
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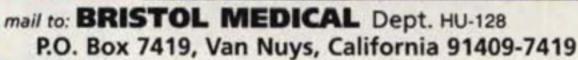
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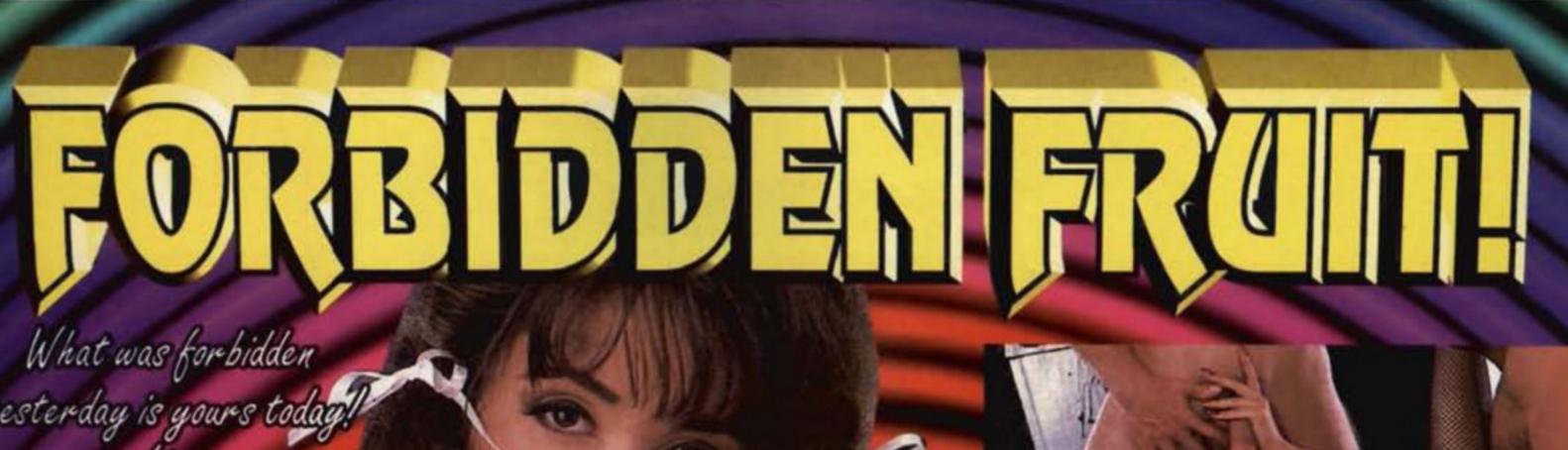
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PRESENTS OF PINK

The holidays are a time of giving, and HUSTLER's Holiday Issue serves up a bounty of beauties guaranteed to give the gift of wood. A cash-strapped brunette spreads pink and collects green from a gaggle of satisfied customers in a strip club. Two arresting blondes explore the ties that bind with handcuffs, blindfolds and roving tongues. A spoiled rich girl stretches her lazy twat in the sun by the side of Daddy's pool. A buxom cowgirl from the Wild West soaps up with her ranch hand and rides his pink pony through Mammary Valley. Break out the yule log; the HUSTLER Holiday Issue will roast your chestnuts and make your eggnog spill.

HALL OF SHAME

With the overabundance of carnal criminality that's occurred in the 20th century, it takes a truly hideous, shockingly violent act of inhumanity to stand out above the everyday crowd of rapists and child molesters. And yet, even in our media-saturated age, some supremely twisted beings manage to commit acts of sexual depravity so horrifying, they will forever remain etched in our memories. In *The Ten Most Heinous Sex Crimes of the Century*, HUSTLER looks back at the past 100 years and singles out those who went the extra mile to secure their spot in sexual infamy.

PEEKABOO PROFITEERS

Any man who's experienced the sublime combination of a windy day and a pantyless woman in a skirt knows that a stolen glimpse of a stranger's snatch is a thing of beauty indeed. With the growing popularity of both the video camera and the Internet, such golden moments are being captured in time and made available for the voyeuristically inclined with increasing frequency. Still in a legal gray area, this high-tech brand of peeping Tommery is earning money for some and possible jail terms for others. Voyeurism for Fun and Profit sneaks a peek at a modern phenomenon.

GASHING THROUGH THE SNOW

Conventional wisdom tells us that as a man's age rises, his libido falls proportionately. The Holiday Issue Sex Play, "Old Guys—What's Left?", explains why the maturing decline is not necessarily so and examines the graying of virility. Bits & Pieces reveals our Holiday Issue alternate covers that were nixed by the lawyers who stole Christmas. Erotic Entertainment looks inside the twisted mind of blue-screen auteur Gregory Dark. The Holiday HUSTLER stuffs your stocking with pussy sweeter than candy.

Hoilday HUSTLER on sale October 20, 1998.
HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at http://www.hustler.com









